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Esquire

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by Lee Eisenberg

by Lee Eisenberg

SUMMER VICES

We thank all of these fine people, veterans and first-timers, for their ethical guidance.
LEE KISENBERG is the author of [Economy](#).

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

RE DECADE REACTION

TOM SHALES's article "The Re Decade" (March) was fascinating. Still, I wouldn't worry too much about the living-dead decennials on your channel. That will pass with time. Literature has millions of works to choose from—only the best are read. In contrast, video has only decades to choose from—the viewer has to make do, for the moment, with what life is available.

Guy Lorrain
Seattle, Wash.

I READ Tom Shailes's essay on "The Re Decade" and was absolutely informed. The essay on the whole made some interesting analogies, however, to compare Marilyn Monroe in any way to Madonna is an absolute dingus. Marilyn Monroe was a legend, a woman who added class and sophistication to the phrase "sex symbol." Marilyn would never deconstruct the sacred and sleazy pastiche that Madonna possesses tonight. In fact, the only thing the two ladies have in common is that initial *M*, which in this particular instance signifies Material!

Ellen C. Eversberg
Hawthall Day Park, N.Y.

TOM SHALES made a few errors in "The Re Decade" besides the title. In my age, old legends never die, they are constantly being reborn to fill a need. Thus Madonna is no more a copy of Marilyn Monroe; this Monroe was a copy of Joan Crawford, who were can be seen in a variation on Louise Brooks, who was a variation on Theda Bara, a variation on Lila Langtry, and so on, back through Madame de Pompadour to Cleopatra, a very early "material girl." Only now is Madonna deconstructing. One would expect her to create the history. As for Shailes's complaint that we are recycling the past for our present, that is hardly new. Two of the biggest Broadway musicals of the 1930s, *My Fair Lady* and *West Side Story*, were adapted from earlier works by Shaw and Shakespeare, and so on. I mean outside New York, L.A., or

D.C. As in the past, good art is often where you least expect to find it. Unfortunately, buried down in its own dreariness, Shailes's article is pretty rusty and limited. It is only a shame that the magazine that published Hemingway and Fitzgerald among others, can find no one more worthy than Shailes today.

Alvinson E. Atchell
Manhasset Neck, Mass.

RE "THE Re Decade." It was brilliant, witty, incisive, original, and a scream. I can't remember enjoying a magazine article so much. Its left-turn puns and chorales I found myself nodding "Yes, he's so right" every other paragraph. Thanks for a terrific piece.

Bob Zaskas
Melrose, N.Y.

I AM not at all surprised that a grammarist and critic afflicted with two of the most highly regarded "madness arecaes" (*The Washington Post* and *National Public Radio*) would once and for all put in proper perspective what many of us have come to know, and yes, even watched for some time now. Tom Shailes has shown me with a veritable plethora of examples of RE-birth with his insightful summation of the non-fiction with KENNETH TARA in complete agreement with Mr. Shailes's commentary, and also congratulate him for having the nerve to speak out against the norm of today—the very plastic, superficial world of today. Why did this straight reader have to occur in my lifetime?

Salvatore F. Pugliese
Fairfield, Mass.

HALF-PINT TO GO

"CATCHING UP with Rye" by Brian Weber (March) brought back memories of the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, a connoisseur of the whiskey. During a visit of his in the 1950s to the Mexico City embassy, where I was a junior foreign service officer, I received an urgent summons to the ambassador's residence. I arrived late and was hopeful of being admitted to Mr. Dulles's presence. Instead, the butler handed me a note from the ambassador that read "Dick—Go find a bottle of Old Overholt for the Secretary."

After visiting several hotel bars I sighted one in purchasing a half-pint, which several days later was returned to the an-

opened. Mr. Dulles was suffering from an intestinal disorder, which turned out to be the beginning of his terminal illness. The half-pint traveled along with us to my next foreign service post, this time in Africa. The night of John Kennedy's election, when we ran out of everything else and came upon the Old Overholt, we used it to raise a toast to the President-elect—and to Mr. Dulles.

Richard M. Monro
New York, N.Y.

SISYPHUS VERSUS ICARUS

WHAT A paradox that in such a moving tribute to Jacques Monod ("Death in Canada," March), who so bravely conquered all he undertook, Jerry Kosinski compares him to that of Sisyphus. In mythology, Sisyphus was condemned to faden to roll up a rock that forever rolled back. Did not the author, by chance, mean Icarus, son of Daedalus, who became entranced with the beauty of the sun and flew too close to it, so that the wax with which his wings were attached melted? Icarus fell into the sea and drowned, but not before soaring valiantly toward the cadence of the sun.

Sue W. Wolf
Cincinnati, Ohio

A FAN'S NOTE

ONE SUMMER when I was a lost my number kept going on about this book she'd been reading by a guy she went to Waterbury High with. This book—"A Fan's Note" by Frederick Elsey—sat on my living-room bookshelf for years until I extracted it, when I was finally old and interested enough to appreciate what made any number "fan art" what it is the first place. It is a classic and Elsey is a genius, no one can accuse him "The Lunatic of Alexandria Bay" (March). Thank you, Elsey, for sticking with him, and thank you, Mon.

Robert Deane Allen
Sydney, N.Z.

Editor's note: The April *Esquire* Traveler neglected to credit picture research by Niccolò Truati, and a photo-graph by George Follen Sobak.

Letters in the editor should be marked with your address and phone number. In the *Sound and the Fury* column, letters should be marked with a 1986. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Man At His Best

AGENTMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE Display It Again, Sam



ILLUSTRATION: JAMES HARRIS

No matter how many times he replays his videotape of the 1934 movie *Howe*, Dave, like Renick, is captivated by the final scene. "Gina Germaine is discovered in a train compartment by her husband, Berendrick Crawford. There's a violent argument between them, and Crawford strangles Germaine. Suddenly the scene switches to the exterior, Glenn Ford, up front as the train. That's the love triangle, see. He looks alone and because he could goodbye to Germaine for the last time, only he has no idea she's just been murdered. The movie ends with the lone train whistling a tune and a high-lipped Ford struts straight down the tracks. I always have a small lump in my throat when it's over."

That may explain, in part, his fascination with the poster displayed outside the theater during the film's run. "That's a drawing of Ford in a half-brothered while she's standing be-

hind Germaine, who is in a purple negligee. He's pulling her head back by her hair. Above the title, which is in big orange letters on a blue background, are the words 'GIVE US ROOM TO BE BAD... TO BE SURE...' TO MAKE THOSE 'Red,' 'Whited,' and 'Tribled' are highlighted in deep yellow. It's slightly smug, just like the movie."

Last fall, at an auction held by Guernsey's of the huge Sevenside Building in New York, this movie poster was sold to a bidder for \$66. "A bargain," concluded Renick, who had sat bid on the poster because, in fact, he already has the good piece in his own collection, started in the mid-1960s when such posters were selling for about twenty-five cents apiece. Renick, who now owns Motion Picture Arts Gallery in Manhattan, a genial blue-vested movie poster hunter at last graduated from scribbles to fine art. He excels the transition by his

sighting, in 1972, of a poster for *Raid Fyral*, *The Sea Hawk*, not in part of a book, but individually priced at \$95.

What makes this an especially good time to get in on movie-poster collecting is that during the recession, at the early 1980s, prices leveled off, even dropped slightly, and are just now starting to climb again. What's more, there are plenty of categorized categories that are still reasonably underpriced and are sure to appreciate at an even greater rate.

DUAL IN FOR MEMORIES

Those who remain—nostalgic but weary—throughout the ten-year Guernsey's auction were treated to a historical flashback. Movie posters have always been an extraordinary form of postcard-size advertising. Before 1935, stars of the films were never mentioned, but the posters were lively and elegantly designed, in keeping with the movie posters of the day. "During the 1930s, movie posters became more sophisticated, not only showing scenes, but also giving information about the film and the production company. By World War I, they had become standardized. The 1930s saw the introduction of color-artist lithography, which provided not only a sharper image but a greatly lowered price."

Very often, two posters were created for one film in order to attract different audiences. One poster—for northern urban moviegoers—might depict a female star in seductive pose; a second poster—for the Belt movie area—would show the same star looking somber and stilted. Theater owners borrowed posters from the studios for the most of a month, and when the run was over, were supposed to return them. But many were simply tossed away or stored, lost forever.

Renick dates the downhill slide in the quality of movie-poster art in the early 1950s, a period that coincided with the decline of the big studios. Cheaper posters reflected not only competing trends, but also a new, less creative form of movie advertising.

The six hundred auction viewers and bidders also saw movie-poster history made last fall. Says Barbara Mann, of Guernsey's, "The \$12,100 bid on the Austrian poster for the 1935 movie *Kung Kong* certainly set a record. But even \$150 for *The Month* is notable for a poster that was once crumpled and thrown away."

MANNA BETTER

Size is a big factor to collectors, who focus mostly on one-sheeters—the standard poster size—which measure 27" x 40". There are 8 1/2" x 10 1/2" mini-window cards, 27" x 14" lobby cards, 14" x 36" vertical-sheet posters, 27" x 20" half-sheet posters, 11" x 14" three-panels, 8 1/2" x 11" mini-posters, and 10 1/2" x 14 1/2" mini-posters. Obviously, the latter two sizes have limited potential for collectors.

Some collectors prefer big-name stars. A one-sheet poster of Marilyn Monroe in *That's My Boy*, for instance, goes for \$100, one of Elvis Presley in *Love Me Tender* sells for \$125, and a lobby card featuring Jessica Hahn in *Hotel Babylon* can sell for \$185. Other stars are gaining popularity. At the auction, bidding was strong for James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, and Boris Karloff, whose role in *Frankenstein*—depicted on a spectacular one-sheet—brought \$480.

Other collectors are lured by a special style, such as the banner films made by Universal Studios in the 1930s. Price tags for *General*, *Frankenstein*, and *The Mummy* have come to roughly double to \$10,000 mark.

ManAtHisBest

wear them like robes, they shove their ties in the front, squish the backs under their heads, and dig along contentedly. The stitching is not here, and neither is there a layer of rubber bonded to the sole. They become soggy when the ground is wet. Certainly there are more comfortable, better-designed beach shoes to be had — Top Siders for instance. But along that stretch

of the Mediterranean, clogs are still the favorite. Their appeal lies not so much in the comfort they serve as in the spirit they evoke: that of a hot, dry sea, fragrant breezes, and an enigmatic Mediterranean summer, a summer discovered for the rest of the world by Americans with a talent for finding something new.

—John Remick

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER A Storybook Weekend



Untouchables, at Kentucky Island, does some of its act at a weekend for fans

I was born into a family of storytellers. By that I don't mean people who were spinners or tellers of tall tales. They were trained the hard way: they took the letters of real life, then cut and sewed it into fascinating, significant episodes. Stories were their way of making sense and order out of the jumble of their experience; of acknowledging the peculiar and powerful moments that creep into even the most banal existence, of posing love and ethics on to their offspring, and finally, of turning the last laugh on a sometimes cruel and always futile life.

My family's stories were always true, though cut stories respond about life, with multiple layers of meaning and implication in the subtle twists and turns of the telling. Stories were such a natural part of my life that I thought everyone

and Joy Pennington, founders of the International Order of RAREs Inc. (the true meaning of the acronym is a secret known only to members) began the Corro Island Storytelling Festival in Louisville, Kentucky. That first festival featured twelve storytellers playing to an audience of nine listeners. Last September the festival drew two thousand people of all ages for its two-day run, making it, the Penningtons say, the largest storytelling event in the country.

Corro Island gets its name from a long-neck lambshead beneath the Ohio River, and the festival takes place at two historically significant, gorgeous locations. There is a cruise on the river's public-utility barge the *Rible of Louisville*, an evening on the lawn of the Water Tower, a Greek Revival structure at the river's edge; a day at Locust Grove, the restored homestead of George Rogers Clark; and an eerie night of ghost tales at Long Run Cemetery, where even a Lincoln sculpture or two has an eternal rest.

But kids don't flock to the festival for this reason; they come for the kind of stories delivered by some of the finest of the top professional storytellers from around the country. And what a diverse lot of stories they tell. Appalachian folk tales, Indian legends, cowboy songs, Arabian Nights, Japanese fantasies, and anecdotes culled from the teller's own life.

Storytellers will tell you that in the early days of the craft's rediscovery, it was practiced as a revivified art. Often old stories were resurrected and delivered in direct or dramatic style to recreate the past culture.

Wadde, Mitchell and Chick Larkin still work masterfully in that style. Nevada Bay Mitchell, sporting a Stetson, pinched boots, and jangling spurs, sports cowboy songs in grand old-time rhyme. Larkin, seated at his piano, tells those poems in a thick Georgia drawl as he maps through old characters. And if things get boring, he wraps out a musical cue for a twangy tune through "Kiss Me."

For these tellers, the story itself is just a steady frame to hang their dramatic personal lives. But recent personality-selling has become more a living art. Old stories may be colored now by new images and understandings. Like Jim Moy's subtly gay version of a classic Jack tale: Jay O'Callahan from Massachusetts is a master of weaving together the story and now is his art. His adaptation of a Japanese folk tale about a little man who lived to gamble, but lost it all gambling with a god, is one part Zen art, one part Bobbie Williams music stand-up timing. "The Illegitimate Sheriff," a glimpse of the bleakness of World War II told through the story of an adolescent girl, has become a cult classic on the storytelling circuit. Like teenage riot "The Lighthouse Man" was born from a boyhood dream told to by a stranger he met in a bar in San Francisco.

O'Callahan calls this emergence of a new storytelling style "reveling the world." He suggests that the growing audience for storytelling is made up in part of the same young professionals you'd expect to find at fine theater or the ballet, and that they come to storytelling in search of individual truths that have been lost to a culture dominated by the mass media.

In the late twentieth century we've lost our personal images and needed have them created on mass scale by television, movies, and Hollywood. But what storytelling says to us about ordinary life is more compelling, more personal than anything created for mass consumption could be.

It is also often more entertaining. Going to Corro Island is like cutting up with a fat volume of superb short stories and popping down in the middle of a train of one-act plays all in a single life, sometimes full of blood.

And that's no story. For more information on the festival, scheduled for September 19 and 20, write: Corro Island, 11905 Lake Way, Middlefield, Kentucky 40043.

—Korri Landry

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OPENS FRIDAY, JULY 25TH

THE SEASONED COOK

How Hot Is Caribbean?



Out in the West Indies section of Brooklyn's Flatbush, where the grocery stores sell coconuts and sugar cane, there's a place called the Original Jerk Chicken Restaurant. It's got posters of Jamaican dignitaries on the walls and a few interesting terrace tables. But this isn't a place to sit down, because jerk chicken is hottest food, outdoor food, under-the-blue-sky food. Customers wear sweatshirts and colorful streaking caps, and they wait around, slow as snail-like, while Glick Brown cooks the chicken over his "jerkung grill," a fifty-five-gallon drum filled with smoldering pimento wood and leaves. Jerk chicken is smolder and tangier than Cajun, but it's also spicy, and some predict it will soon be as trendy.

Jerkung was developed by the Maroons, Jamaican slaves who escaped to the mountains in the British invasion of 1655. The origin of the term is obscure, but in practice it means Jamaican barbecue that's marinated with ground allspice and hot peppers, then grilled over a slow, smoky fire. On the island, pork is the traditional jerkung meat, because the Maroons used to hunt, kill, and jerk wild hogs. During the rule of the Rastafarians in the 1960s and 1970s, the art of jerkung went back to the root. The Rastas are vegetarians, and in

those days, about the only place to get jerk pork was in Portland, the old mountain stronghold of the Maroons. Back then, jerk-porkmen from Portland would jerk a batch of meat, then travel the island, selling it door to door.

Now, though, there's a jerkung revival in Jamaica. The residents of the island and the street corners of Kingston are fond of jerkung strands. Like reggae music, the strands are laid-back and funky, nothing but a jerk-up grill, really, fried with pork (and more recently, chicken). But the jerk guys don't, and say more decorum would probably mean less flavor.

PUTTING SMOKES TO WORK
Four years ago, Tim Brown returned to his native Jamaica and approached himself as a jerkung expert to learn the trade. Back in Brooklyn, he taught me the jerkung method, and even though he won't be value all of his secrets, I've learned enough to develop a recipe suited to the backyard barbecue.

The key ingredient in jerk pork or chicken is pimento, or Jamaican pepper. Also known as allspice, it is the dried berry of the pimento tree. In Jamaica, the meat is grilled over the wood and leaves of the tree. Here you can substitute good quality hardwood such as oak or hickory. A standard jerk-

becue grill will also do, but it absolutely must have a domed cover.

This recipe is designed to accommodate a six-pound pork shoulder or two large chickens split for broiling. Have the butcher butterfly the pork shoulder. Don't trim any fat from the pork or remove the skin from the chicken, but worry the meat will stay juicy during the jerkung.

To make the marinade, chop a large bunch of scallions, tops included. Put the scallions in a blender or food processor along with two to three fresh garlic cloves and six to eight Scotch bonnet peppers (so called because of their resemblance to a Scotchman's head-dresser) with seeds. These round, yellow peppers are incendiary, if you can't find them, substitute any fresh green chili or poblano pepper. Add two cups of water and blend all of the ingredients till smooth. Empty into a dish large enough to hold the pork or chicken.

If you can get whole pimento corns, combine a West Indian grocery store, grill a half cup in the blender or processor and add them to the marinade. If fresh pimento is not available

add a one-ounce tin of ground allspice instead. Then add three tablespoons of fresh-ground black peppercorns and, if you want, a tablespoon of salt (I leave it out). This is the essential marinade. Sink the pork or chicken into the marinade, and let the flavor mingle overnight—or at least from early morning, for a late-afternoon jerkung.

Light the fire and let the coals get gray and ashy. Put the meat on the grill, baste it every thirty minutes with the remaining marinade, and baste if needed. Jerk pork needs to cook for at least four hours, so the fire must be very low. You will realize it will never feel to keep the fire going for four hours. The more smoke the better smoke means flavor. When the meat is cooked, take it off the grill, let it rest, covered, for fifteen minutes. Then chop it into chunks for serving.

What goes with jerk chicken or pork? Jamaican Red Stripe beer for one thing. Then punch for another. Breadfruit, the Jamaican potato, if you can get it but contain the cold if you can't. Cole-slaw, reggae music, and late-morning moonlight road.

—Lawrence Senkbe

FIRST-RATE

Global Reading

It's the New England of choice. Literary types sit around their burning pipes and pipe smoke, reading regional histories. It's proper and provincial setting, and the Globe Corner Bookstore, in Boston, is a provincial book store. But they've added something new, something foreign, an exotic life-like room designed by William Koster. He designed the house in *Waves*, by Tracy Kidder and even though he won't be value all of his secrets, I've learned enough to develop a recipe suited to the backyard barbecue.

In this room are novels set on tropical islands, poems written in exile, adventure books set in the Alps, cookbooks from India. There are

also travel cookbooks, which show suggested reading lists on 170 countries—everywhere from Iceland to Wales to miscellaneous islands in the Pacific. The idea here is that travelers should read more than maps and guidebooks. So, if you're planning a trip to North Africa, let's say, and want to know more than your flight number, do this: Pick up a computerized reading list (they're free) in the Globe Corner bookstore, or ask to have one mailed to you (call 800-288-6033). Select titles by subject, even when. From the list on North Africa, read about serving the Sahara, Arab life in Morocco, occupying North African people, about Africa's wars, civility, the state-



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men. All of the books can be purchased at the Globe or, if you're already out on the Massachusetts highway, next to the only position in sight.

In another, quieter, room at the Globe Corner are the provincial books, the "New England Voices." A "New England Voice," according to manager Patrick Carrer, is a grounded voice, one that simply cannot travel. Some of the voices here are very old, even pre-19th, in the mid-eighteenth century, the Globe Corner (then the

Old Corner Bookstore) was a book-selling and publishing house run by James Fields, the man who discovered *The Scarlet Letter* in Hawthorne's dusty New England closet, and who published most of the true-second-handists. Today, first editions of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Hawthorne sit row and leather bound on the Globe's shelves. This is where you'd find Hester Prynne, seeking the strains of Boston, no Pacific island or Moroccan sunset in sight. ●

THE DRINKING MAN Is Breathing Necessary?



In restaurants and homes, an eccentric ceremony often follows the uncorking of a bottle of wine. Nobody drinks. Instead, the full bottle is reverently placed on a side table, where it stands for several hours while everybody waits around for something to happen. Nothing ever does. This ritual is called breathing, and is commonly practiced, it constitutes a serious waste of drinking time.

The very term "breathing" is in itself foolish, part of the romantic notion that wine is some sort of living thing lying dormant in dark basements. I've never understood how people who think this way drink the stuff. They speak of wine wanting to breathe, coming to life, although something within the bottle has begun sucking in oxygen. It's all rather disconcerting. This notion of

fussy First Nouns ponderously rebelling and its Chimeric mutuality obscuring.

Wine does not live. It does not breathe. It does not perk in cellars. It does undergo chemical changes when exposed to oxygen, and it is these changes that are constantly referred to as breathing. For the most part, the changes are harmful, not helpful. Good wine exposed to air immediately begins turning into something resembling bad sherry, which is a wine that has been deliberately oxidized. The ritual of breathing probably evolved after someone discovered that the various efforts of air were not immediate. In fact, when wine is exposed to air, it often barely improves. One almost immediate effect is that the unpleasant sulfur odors that are sometimes left from the bottling process dissolve,

the same way opening a window will clear out a smoke-filled room. Exposure to air will also make a wine fresher and more vigorous, especially if it has been several years in the bottle. A few minutes of aeration—there's a better word than "breathing"—will improve almost any still wine, although sparkling wines are best drunk as soon as the cork is popped.

These effects of aeration take place after wine is poured, not while it is still in the bottle. The only contact between oxygen and wine in a full bottle is the tiny half-square-inch of surface area in the neck. That just isn't enough space for anything serious to occur. If you doubt this, you might want to try simulating the process by lying underwater in a swamp and trying to breathe through a thin reed; the way oxygenated processes do when the blood-breeds are chasing them. You'll understand the problem.

INSPIRATION OR HOT AIR?

Once wine is poured, there's usually no reason to delay drinking for more than a few minutes, because additional aeration will produce no improvement. With a small group of wines—the richest, the oldest, the most complex—added exposure to air can often be beneficial. Remember that as soon as you pour wine into a glass or a decanter, it starts reacting to oxygen. Its chemical clock is ticking. Is fifteen minutes too much? Is five hours not enough?

Nobody really knows, but everybody pretends to. If you study wine books for advice, you'll just become confused. One says at all times, another says don't air 85 percent of all wines. One says never air white wines, and another recommends fifteen minutes for dry white wines, thirty minutes for sweet white wines. One says air very old red wines for two or three hours, and another says never air very old red wines. I believe many of these authors have gone soft from too many hours in damp cellars.

Danet research is more use-

ful and more fun. I picked out two bottles of a 1875 Spanish from Italy, two bottles of a 1981 Cabernet Sauvignon from California, two bottles of a 1879 Saint-Estache from Bordeaux, and two bottles of a 1961 Meursault from Burgundy, the only white wine of the lot. One bottle of each was opened and decanted three hours before drinking; the other was opened immediately before drinking.

Two of the wines improved significantly with aeration. The Spanish was nearly undrinkable when first opened, like chewing on a track tire. After three hours of air, it was transformed from something unapproachable into something interesting. The changes were exactly by the book: the tannins softened, and the overpowering aromas of tar and turpentine subsided. Although aeration is commonly associated only with red wines, the Meursault that had been opened three hours had a much more generous bouquet than the just-opened bottle, which unfolded to a whiff of saffron. The wine did not need three hours, though; wine poured from the just-opened bottle developed nicely in about twenty minutes. Aeration did nothing for the Cabernet, which remained hard and unattractable, while the well-aged Saint-Estache seemed to have lost some of its character and subtlety.

This lack of consistency wasn't surprising, because nobody can accurately predict what aeration will do to a particular bottle of wine. The only sensible approach to breathing is to open the wine, decant it if there is sediment, pour it, and drink it. Sever the changes that take place in the glass. If the wine is changing for the better, it will be done slowly. If it's changing for the worse, it will be done faster.

It's well to remember that after a few glasses of wine, you will be more inebriated and less critical than you were when you took that first judgmental sip. I can't tell you for sure if wine improves with time, but the person drinking it usually does.

—Alan Richman

I stand by my brandy. E&J.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE FREELY



GOOD FORM How to Press Flesh



A handshake tells you a lot about a man. For one thing, it tells you that he's probably an American. Europeans grab when they greet each other, the English nod, the Japanese bow, but Americans shake hands. And that's the way it is.

It's becoming an empty hand to show that you have no weapon, grasping another's hand is signify your human bond—you have to admit the handshake has irrepressible symbolic credentials. Too bad that it has become so commonplace as to have lost much of its original meaning. Anyway, it's our way of saying hello, so we might as well get straight once and for all the main kinds of handshake, especially the only one that is correct.

The Politician's Pump-A-Handle: Give with a too-big grip that immediately out of a crowd as its owner grabs your right hand in a firm grip, while simultaneously securing your right forearm in his left hand. Two short, strong shakes and you find yourself being moved sideways as the other awaits to meet the next victim. (Also known as the Receiving-Line Two-Hand when practiced by college presidents.)

The Porcupine Squat: All fingers and thumbs. Your extended hand is caught just short of its target by a set of spines that encircle your four fingers

at the second knuckle and gives you a thumb-pointing wrist. No pain contact whatsoever. One quick squeeze, a side-to-side wiggle, and your hand is unconsciously dropped, leaving a sorry handshake.

The Limp Fish: The most likely of all. Someone puts his fingers in your hand and leaves them there. Excusable in linguists, who are still groping with a language where *it* and *it's* mean the same but in "touch-fish." For others, unacceptable.

The Macho Man: The old loose-crusher, the familiar signifier of the emotionally insecure but physically strong. It isn't short, you can see this one coming in time to take countermeasures. The best defense is a good offense: grab his hand toward the base of the palm, cutting down on his fingers' leverage, and start your grip before he starts his. Of course, if he's strong enough and snappy enough, it won't work, and he'll bend your individual digits one by one like paper for trying to thwart him.

The President's Clasp: As your right hand joins, his left slides over the top and immediately takes both (okay, all three, but who's counting?). Always accompanied by slowly eye contact (no way you won't be the first to blink, and usually by a monologue delivered two inches closer to your face than is really necessary. Once the exclusive province of Pres-

byterian ministers, the Clasp is now profited by a broad spectrum of the scientifically sincere, including motivational speakers and honor graduates of neck-and-throat massage schools. The worst thing about it is that it makes your hand sweat.

The Right Way: A firm, full-handed grip, a steady squeeze, and a durable but undeviating downward tug (not to say awkward pumping, unless you're contemplating a disabling karate move), followed if once

by a decisive release accompanied by eye contact and performed only if both parties are standing (the ritual implies mutual respect and equality, after all). Sounds easy enough, but how frequently do you encounter a really good one?

Photo: Shaking Hands with Women. No difference in grip (the Right Way is always right), but convention has it that you should wait for her to extend her hand first. These days, chances are good she will. —Glen Waggner

BIBLIOPHILIA A Trip Down Memory Lanes



Since we're reliving the 1980s, let's go bowling. After all, the sport of centuries has been good, clean America (but at least since William Henry Inge's 1647 "tendency of good driving" in 1673). Surely we as a nation are ready to embrace once more its wholesome and utterly mindless pleasures, if only to wear the shorts.

That's the idea behind David Shields' (Abbeyville Press, \$29.95), a frankly nostalgic and kitschy little picture tour book to the neighborhood lanes. The book opens with a history of the sport beginning with the coveys (and moving quickly to the automatic pinsetter), but the scholarship is really just an excuse to trot out documentary photographs and

memorabilia covering bowling architecture, multi-lanes, pin-ups, and advertising art. There are fond sideways glances at the golden age of television, when viewers could tune in at least four bowling shows, and a bawling helping of celebrities straining to make that 7-10 split (check out a young Ronald Reagan and a very dapper Jane Wyman in the cover of a 1946 *Boxing Journal*).

But no fun, anyone: perusing this volume is bound to discover some intriguing little nooks and crannies of the collective Middle American consciousness. Think of it as a crash course in the culture of America's simplest sport. It's everything you ever wanted to know about bowling—except, of course, how to keep score. ●



GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

People talk, when

there's something worth talking about. Like Aiwa. And Aiwa's new Avimax 8 camera-recorder. A small idea that's getting a lot of attention. What's the big deal? This new tiny 8mm video cassette for starters. It's less than half the size of a VHS cassette.

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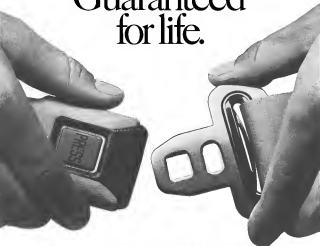
Remember, this Avimax 8 camera-recorder is an Aiwa. For those who love technical audio specs, here's one your neighbor will have. Aiwa's AFM sound recording system gives you an astonishing 85dB S/N ratio. That's second only to the sound quality of the compact disc. What's more, with the optional 18-channel Tuner/Timer, it can all be activated by the Aiwa 10-key Remote Commander. Even the 3-week/4-event program timer. Now let's focus on Aiwa's amazing new CCD image sensor. It lets you be sure that when you shoot, what you shoot will come out bright and clear,

just like you see it in the electronic viewfinder, without the image lag or burnout you get with conventional pickup tubes. Combine the CCD image sensor's extra-low-light sensitivity with Aiwa's 6:1 ratio f/1.4 power zoom lens and even Cecil B. DeMille gets envious.

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HONDA

ETHICS

by Jerry Adler

CHECKBOOK ALTRUISM

A little may go a long way toward assuaging your guilt, but money is never enough

ON MY way to spend a winter night succoring the homeless of Brooklyn, I took along a notebook and a novel, but I left my wallet safely in my desk at the office. When it came time to pack a hotbox—like most men of my class and station in life, I have several—my warning instinct for cheap money led me to choose one with the name of the company I work for stitched across the breast. The robe was a gift from the Carmine Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico, where my company sent me for a three-day conference last spring. Even though I would be spending the night on a cot in a shelter, among people who might otherwise be sleeping in subway stations, I didn't want to forget my origins.

And I look, of course, that essential middle-class baggage, my wallet. I was flying to Florida the next week, and I was worried that my wallet might be struck for the third time in as many months, my videocassette recorder maddled, and that meant giving three miles in the streets, direction by subway on my way to work the next morning. And I was worried that I wasn't going to care for homeless-looking.

We don't, of course, do enough for the poor. This is axiomatic. If we did, we would be poor ourselves. We don't even know the poor, not even I, who live in a brownstone house in Brooklyn and could go on an American Express commercial as the only person on my block with a credit card. If a volcanic eruption, extinguishing my neighborhood in ash, archeologists will reconstruct the social and economic alignment of the vanished civilization from the billboards on Seventh Avenue, the shopping street furthest up the hill, the shops on the signs are white on South Avenue, where I live, they are black, and on Fifth Avenue the words are in Spanish. The shelter was on Fourth Avenue. Well, I thought, as I unlocked suddenly past a group of unsheltered homeless men girded around a cheerful, chattering blue of



also solitary and packing crates. I am about to besettle my education. The shelter was a capacious apartment tenanted by a thick steel door whose numerous locks kept out something other than drunks. About a third of the area had been partitioned off as sleeping quarters for women and children, the men slept in the open space, and I, as a volunteer worker for the night, had the piece of honor with my toes by the door. By day, the shelter served as a soup kitchen for homeless men and women, which meant that families who stayed there overnight had to find somewhere else to go between 8:00 in the morning and 8:00 at night. That seemed a nuisance, all right, but I didn't really grasp the significance of it until a woman, after 6:00 p.m., when a Puerto Rican family came through the door—mother, father, and two kids (nearly eight and six, who peeled off their coats and ran for the bathroom as if their shirts were on fire).

Several more times that evening the

door was unbarred in order to admit other miscellaneous suggestions of the homeless: a young single man, a woman and her grown son (who had been at the shelter for months and spoke only to each other, in whispers and hushed), a shy, barely young man in the uniform of a formerly named security company, heavy with badges and whistles and handcuffs whose reflex function was to make it difficult for him to sit many positions long enough to fall asleep, and, shortly thereafter, his wife, a pale, pudgy, and at the moment badly writhing child of perhaps twenty-five. The shelter's job was to sit from midnight to 8:00 in the morning, in a shed at the edge of a construction site and try not to sleep through the sound of someone driving away one of his employees' bulldozers. This, in turn, left him with the whole day to walk the streets until the shelter opened at the evening.

Don't now bring me out. A woman volunteer had baked a meat loaf the size of a pillow and reclined on an aluminum mountain of matted potatoes. She covered me quickly and got into his bed, which he only rose between the end of dinner and about 11:00, when he left for his job. When his wife gave a final nose blow and disappeared into the women's bedroom, I had another brief insight into the lives of the homeless, they don't get to sleep with their spouses.

The idea of doing something for the homeless originated, as far as I am concerned, with the wife of a good friend of mine at a dinner party that I was holding as a dinner party that I was holding as a dinner party on the subject of being costs for a four-story housewife. This is a woman I admire greatly for the depth of her convictions about what needs to be done in the world. It was her suggestion that those of us hardened with extra money suddenly looking up streets that could fill them with homeless family or two for the winter. The suggestion caught me at a vulnerable

SO IT IS TRUE, I HAVE NO SENSE OF COMMUNITY WITH THE HOMELESS, EXCEPT ON THE MOST ABSTRACT PLANE OF IDEOLOGY. I HAVE FRIENDS WHO ARE BROKE, NATURALLY, BUT NONE WHO ARE POOR.

ble moment, because I had just finished adding up my charitable donations in order to take them off my taxes. This total came to \$10,000, and I realize that I don't even care to disclose, except to say that it falls short a little by a wide margin, even after giving myself the benefit of the doubt about all those dollar bills I tossed exclusively into the Laund'ry baggers of non-profits. The point is, I don't really say, got considerably less out of me last year than American Express did.

Yet I don't honestly know how this compares with other acts in the two- and three-bedroom bracket, even those who say they share friends. The subject of charity has a peculiar efficacy. Few statistics betray our deepest fears, prejudices, and hopes as accurately as what we choose to do with our money when we give it away, or not, or how much we do. What, for instance, should we make of the fact that I have responded to a fundraising letter from my college with the suggestion that if they couldn't make ends meet on the \$18,000 they currently extract from each undergraduate, they should consider selling off parts of the campus to the Moslems? It is a consistent source of embarrassment for public figures when their tax returns occasionally come to light, and they stand revealed in all their reviling squalor and cupidity as the donors of seventy-five copies of their memoirs (written for tax purposes in the full total) to the New York Public Library, along with a request that the board of trustees consider raising the library for them.

Oh, and we are so good at coming up with excuses, there is no human need as compelling as the one that motivates us. That we don't have a moral obligation equal to the task of getting off doing something about it. We're giving off our college loans; we're raising kids; we're saving up for retirement. We want hard for our money, and anyway we're ridiculously underpaid in the present economy. I am a journalist and my wife is a city planner, currently spearheading in that indispensable complement to the magazine business, solid-waste disposal. Between us, if we do our job right, we will give the world trash and a place to put it. Isn't that enough of a contribution? Do we have to sponsor a child and a whole lot more?

In general, the importance I receive from a year's worth of my own check stubs is of someone with a rather exaggerated sense of compassion for the poor. I give money to the Botane Garden so I can have taxes to look at in the summer. I give money to the Nature Conservancy to buy trees I might someday want to look at in another part of the country. Once I even

gave money to an outfit to plant trees in Brazil that I surely will never see, to forestall desertification of the tropical oceans. I even to have someone remind myself that this is the most important cause in the world. But I wonder: What sort of person, faced with the enormous burden of human misery and suffering in the world today, gives himself over so thoroughly to the cause of personal philanthropy?

What was so exciting about my friend's wife's suggestions was that it embodied a concept of charity as remote and irrelevant to our era as the ducking stool: charity as a personal involvement between those who have and those who need rather than as a distant link forged by good intentions and spare change.

In my life, and I imagine in many others, charity is something I color cast of once a month, sending off checks in the same ritualized spirit as an in-laws that come in from Jack Fonda and Bishop Tutu—cheap as a strand of pearls, killing me regularly in return for improving the world. At the end of the year, or over the course of several years, my total expenditures add up to a sum that I wouldn't touch with both hands. But it doubles out fifty or a hundred dollars at a time and gets taken in the tidal ebbs and flows of my checking account. Moreover, it doesn't provide much of an example for my son. Someday I hope he will appreciate all that his father has done to provide himself with pleasure in tropical excursions, but I can't imagine that he will share much inspiration from it now, at the age of four.

Yet my friend's wife was certainly right; we have a lot of room. The problem isn't the money, it's the good inside them. On the one hand, I am embarrassed by all my possessions in light of such poverty as exists all around me. How could I justify my ultra-decor and outrage over a VCR that wasn't my kind, in the face of two kids who have to stand on the corner after school for \$300 food and \$50 because their landlord figured out how to throw them out? On the other hand, I wouldn't want them up in the den screwing around with the damned machine, either.

One year in college a bunch of us were asked to give up our rooms for the Christmas vacation to a group of underprivileged youths who were participating in some noble experiment in apartment suitability. Everyone thought this was a great idea except for me, to whom an underprivileged kid was someone who used to beat me up and take my last pass. So when I left for home that Christmas, I took both my blazer and my tweed sport jacket, my Wilson Pickett albums, and my clock radio. I came back in January and started unpacking all this

boarded loot, and of course my roommate found it the most disgusting display of bourgeois pretensions he could imagine. There is nothing up on the shelf and no record that the apparently noble youths had swapped his radio.

So it is true, I have no sense of community with the poor, except on the most abstract plane of ideology. I have friends who are broke, naturally, but none who are poor. My identification is with people like me, who work for what they have, and have a lot, relatively speaking, because society values the work they do. Two generations removed from Ellis Island, and already I've started thinking like Henry Cabot Lodge.

But, damn it, there but for the grace of God go I, most likely going back for seconds on the next lot if I leave myself. There we all go, with our VCRs and beeper-phones in Puerto Rico and downers full of brainiacs. Certainly we have outlived them. Certainly we have more on merit than and untold. But in what does our merit consist, really, but the ability to make money, a set of middle-class skills and values that by and large we were born into, that will keep us from ever having to spend eight dreary hours looking after a pit full of construction materials. And will keep us from having to thank very much about those who do. There but for the grace of God go I.

There, by God, I say, early enough, with the wind rattling the door at my feet and the radiator trembling and sighing like a living thing, and giving off about as much heat. I awake the next morning, only to find that the day over breakfast the color of my newspaper, and a mountain blanket of snow covering the litter on the sidewalk. Of course the first thing I thought was how movement it would be to bring the VCR in to be fixed. Then I heard the complaint, a psychic one: one of the security guard's wife, and I realized that her cold had gotten worse over the night. She lived, on a day without snow, a minimum of an hour's ride by bus and subway to her job as a check-out clerk in a supermarket halfway across Brooklyn. God knew how long it would take her this day.

"Can you call in sick?" I asked.

"Where would I go?"

There was only one thing to do, and I was proud for having thought of it. I reached for my wallet to give the woman ten bucks to take a cab to work, so she wouldn't have to wait for a bus. And then I remembered: I had left my wallet at the office.

NATHAN AUGER is a senior writer at *New York*. His last *Esquire* column appeared in April.

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SPORTS CLINIC

by Phil Berger

WOUNDED KNEE

How rehab turned around a weekend warrior's wheels

IT WAS just a pickup game—skins and shorts basketball. I had the ball and enough daylight, I thought, between two retreating defenders to beat them for a fast-break lay-up. Angling from the left side of the YMCA floor, across the key, I went for it. But with the first of the two power signs that I needed to get by, my day was "dit." Suddenly, without quite knowing how I had gotten there, I was on my back, screaming *ah-ah-ah-ah*—more out of surprise than pain.

The pain would come later. At first there was only the startling sensation of my right leg being bent at an odd angle and my immediate awareness that I was physically unable to return it to a strengthened position. As I calmed a bit, I could see my right kneecap sitting north-west of my waistline. No, something aight, but I told myself it was probably some sort of freak dislocation; a doctor would snap back into place. It was forty-two years old and had been playing basketball year-round for thirty years since high school, I had not had a major injury. Initially I saw myself playing again within a few weeks. Of course, my medical advisors had different views.

Dr. Norman Scott, M.D., would bring me back to reality. Scott is an orthopedic surgeon and, as it happens, the physician for the New York Knicks/rockers as well. In his report dated September 18, 1984, the day of the accident, he diagnosed my injury like this: "An obvious patch tendon rupture, with a mixed defect, palpable. He cannot really contract his quadriceps." Until Scott restricted the tendon that ordinarily held the kneecap in place, I had a leg that was as good as flaccid. Andy's.

There was other news I was not to crave either. At my first consultation, Scott was not encouraging about what a leg like mine, once rehabilitated, could withstand. He made it clear that basketball (I was playing twice a week then) and wearing shoes and a hat, three miles at a brisk pace

several times a week) were the wrong activities for this fortyish adult whose right knee had gone kerboom.

Several days after surgery I had my leg encased in a full-length cast. Back home, I spent six weeks in it, plenty of time to rail over what Scott had advised. In place of basketball and running, he had suggested sports like swimming and cycling, which most everyone panned on the knees.

I CONFESS, though, I could not and would not see the Australian crawl as my future. From the time I was a chubby second-grader in suburban Connecticut, I was the kind of cheerleader who would break into jacked gyms after hours to get a pump. I had played semi-time college basketball, an average athlete relying on liver and conditioning more than on natural ability to get things done. But when I played—whether in organized or choose-up games, I felt a delight that I associate with the child's wonder of being in excep-



tional places—amusement parks, movie theaters, or stadiums where professional athletes work for a living.

Basketball was it for me. And while it was hardly as chic, I know as having, say, Mozart or Keats or the French Impressionists for one's spiritual catalyst, I didn't really care. The morning my knee went on me, maybe ten minutes before it happened, I actually told myself to a fellow player and, like some Ernie Becker scribe, said, "Man, this is fun."

For six weeks with a cast on my leg, I brooded. At times I prepared myself for the worst, the possibility that my knee would actually recognize the folly of five-on-five full court and send a trilets to that client to the team. At other times, I told myself, "Take the shot, you're basketball born and bred." Then along came pain and a few names crypt into my internal dialogues.

For the first week following my release from the hospital, the pain was a dull, steady ache, for which I dropped an occasional pill—pain Tylenol, pure cocaine. Yet while I was able to get the pharmaceuticals any fairly quickly, my gradual return to pain would come during the next four-month rehabilitation of my knee. When the cast came off, I had a leg that was, as you might expect, atrophied from inactivity. Worse, the knee was virtually petrified. It could barely bend—only 30 degrees range of motion when 140 to 185 degrees was normal. Rehabilitation was supposed to restore strength, flexibility, and range of motion.

The strength came from graduated weight work, first with ankle weights and then with Cybex machines, which I thought of as kind of Nautilus for damaged people. The principle behind the Cybex is that of isokinetic exercise: exercise done at a fixed speed against a resistance equal to what the user wants. As hard as I pushed, it pushed back. In addition, there was a Cybex that could

THE KIND OF PAIN I SUBMITTED TO ON THAT PADDED TABLE WAS SOBERING. I DID NOT WANT TO GIVE UP BASKETBALL, BUT THE HURT AT TIMES CONVINCED ME I COULD MAKE DO WITH A TEN-SPEED BIKE AS MY ATHLETIC PUTOON.

meard—through waxy lines on graph paper, the computer's wheels of both legs. Before I would be permitted to run again, the strength of my injured right leg would have to measure up to within 10 percent of the healthy leg.

My therapist, Dana Swearer, who would later work privately with Kiska after Bernard King in rehabilitation later, would send me from the Cybex machines to a warm whirlpool bath. I had orders to tag my leg from the ankle back toward my buttocks while I sat elevated in the large whirlpool tub.

That was the predicament I was told: the last part of the hour-long session. In a small, enclosed room, I would be prone on a padded table and repeat the flexing I had just done in the whirlpool, now using a kneeled towel around my ankle to limit the leg back toward my butt. There was pain, but the ends of the towel were in my hand. I could control the hurt. I would accept.

The idea here was to break up adhesion, consecutive tissue that had knit up in the knee while I was in the cast, and now limited its freedom.

When I finished with the towel, Swearer would take my leg in hand and bend it backward, far beyond any point that seemed reasonable to me. The sensation was of bare body parts being severely twisted. And any day of this process—once, I discovered, what took place behind closed doors. The reason was to assure that patient's getting serious.

The pain was searing to the bone, like nothing I had experienced before. After three or four of these excruciating sessions, I was lying, vomiting like a porcupine going. Over the next four to five weeks, the pain subsided not when it was at its peak, and without any subsequent injuries from my three sessions. I would make two or three times to go to the gym. It got to where, when Swearer would grab my ankle to move the leg toward my butt, I would begin a grovel that, anticipating the twich shock, would soar to a scream, sometimes before the leg was even moved.

It was a reaction that in time extinguished me. I had always been strong when heaped around in competitions, this awful howling did not conform to my self-image. But I was reassured when I heard stories from the rehab room about a professional hockey player who, after undergoing similar therapy, carried loudly in his native European league.

Attacks with less severe knee problems—of the kind of cartilage damage, for instance, that arthroscopic procedures can nowadays treat—are spaced this kind of suffering. In such cases, an athlete

might have the surgery on Monday and be in the hospital by Wednesday. Without an immobilizer, there is no knee anterior buildup. Rehab for such a wounded knee is relatively short—six to ten weeks on average—and free of the intense pain accompanying the snapping of the scar tissue that can form in a leg that has spent weeks in a cast.

THOSE WHO read the sports pages know of the obstacles professional athletes face when their bodies lock down. As a participant, I had been with the New York Knicks in what turned out to be a championship season, 1990-7. I had seen close up the pain that Willie Reed suffered from tendinitis of the knees. To this day, I retain a mental snapshot of how slowly Reed got his legs out and went running from the effort. In my mind's eye I see him shut up with cortisone, an anti-inflammatory agent, and cortisone, a local anesthetic—returning from an additional play-off against the first game of the season against the Los Angeles Lakers, with nothing less than the NBA championship on the line. Dragging his right leg, like Mariah Diller's men Chesters, he gave the team a lift part by his presence, and added to it as the opening minutes of the game went on. He had the fastest basket from behind the key. Then another jumper from twenty feet on the right side. It was pure staybook—and a Knicks NBA title victory, 113-99.

For pro athletes is the thrash of rehabilitation, seen in a kind of basketball as a personal war. For me, it was not. It was a vivid reminder instead of the purely personal, satisfying experience sport is to an athlete's compromised life. That pain, the head of pain I submitted to on that padded table, was a sobering lesson, disarming though not killing the boy's feeling I had toward a game. I did not want to give up basketball, but the hurt at times convinced me I could make do with a ten-speed bike as my athletic future. Or even learn to love that Australian ball. Because I was so behind in the court, I could not expect a return engagement in that enclosed room.

Yet in the end I had a more insistent impulse to take up hoops again. With a knee that eventually regained full range of motion, I tried. Gradually—and against Dr. Scott's weakly issued advice.

The crew of guys I had played with—some for fifteen odd years—allowed me to ease my way back. At first I conversed with them as an extra man in games of three-on-three or full on-four full-court ball. I moved up and down the court unguarded, in a kind of designated play-

ground. When the ball changed possession, I would instantly switch sides to the team going to the basket. Perpetually on offense, I could make the second pass of a fast break, or feed a cutter, or occasionally even backdoor a defender not watching the ball. When such a moment happened, I felt a surge of pleasure at being back.

The key got stronger. I was running like the Central Park reservoir and doing personal weight exercises. Just running, I felt under control. I could, after all, monitor the sensations radiating from my knee. If the knee seemed a little off, "play" was long of it—I rested back. If the knee had no problems, I pushed the pace.

But basketball is a game of trained muscles that submit the leg to abrupt stresses and more keeps that a few miles can around a short rest. Early on, in my designated playmaker role, I had men up on my knee to throw a two-handed overhead pass and, putting a little extra out to square it past a defender. I had felt a relief of pain go through the knee, the rebound of the ball. It was a scary moment—and, I feared, a signal of worse to come.

Before the injury I was a player who liked to take the ball into traffic and move hard with it to the basket. There was a degree of abandon to my game. Even as I hurried forty, I kept pushing—run, run, run—and afterward my knees would ache, punishingly. The pain, I figured, a middle-aged guy says to play. Now, though, I could no longer trust my knee to support that style of ball. Like the last ball either returning from elbow surgery as a jank baller, I too had to adjust the way I played.

If it's nearly a year now that I've been back on the court, a period during which I have become a perimeter shooter who only occasionally drives toward the basket, and then with a slithering step or two, after a fake and a quick-release. Faster. I can guard the same men I did before the injury. And if, in moving without the ball, I can't get my shot, I'll try to make the play when I see it. I run and run still, but on the perimeter, avoiding the constant driver series. I'm a jank-baller now, and a curious thing has happened: My knees don't ache for hours afterward. Who knew? It may mean my joints are in harmony with the basketball's acts of my body life.

I'm forty-three now and I haven't forgotten the padded table. But I can still stick the J. Which is more than enough for me. I sometimes think of those who told me it wasn't worth the bother.

FOR MORE information, see *the New York Times* and other publications.

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Business Traveler Fare Play at the Airport



In the badly misnamed (by the airlines, that 30 days before deregulation, all the airlines flying a given route would charge the same price for a ticket. If a flight was canceled or delayed, it was a simple matter to switch to another carrier's flight to the same destination. Tariffs were set by the Civil Aeronautics Board, so gate agents were happy to rewire tickets and take care of the bookkeeping later.

If you've paid \$129 for a coast-to-coast business trip ticket—or, more likely, queued up for check-in, boarding, and baggage check behind hundreds of vacationers who did—you know that these days are long gone. There is, however, one service of the CAB one that remains to help the traveler stranded by a cancellation or missed connection. Rule 240.

Rule 240 is the (or more name it actually was number 240 in the old CAB books) for a clause that virtually every domestic airline continues to list in its contract of carriage. The rule gives the carrier the right to book a passenger onto another airline's flight, with the original airline paying any difference in fare. The rule is there for the airline's convenience, so that if your flight is can-

celled due to bad weather, an equipment problem, or a without-notice strike, the carrier can get you on somebody else's flight—even if it has to pay full fare for a ticket you bought at a discount, or bump you up from coach to first class.

All well and good. But what if your flight hasn't been canceled? What if it's merely been delayed a few hours? What if the airline has another flight leaving tonight and sees no reason why you can't take that one? Does something up to the carrier and dragging the phrase "Give me a Rule 240" automatically guarantee you passage by an averted and advancing ticket agent?

Not on your life. Despite the way they act during late years, airlines aren't in business to lose money, and Rule 240 is supposed to be invoked only if a delay will last beyond a "reasonable" amount of time. The problem is that not only each airline, but each representative within the airline, may interpret the rule differently. Thus it is quite possible that you may be refused a Rule 240 by one agent at a check-in desk, well until that status is occupied elsewhere, and then slide over to the next agent and get a new ticket without incident. It's equally possible

that the second agent will also tell you to cool your heels for a few hours.

The moral, however, some things you can do to tip the odds. The carrier is asked when an airline representative is asked to invoke Rule 240, he must be able to justify the decision. Say you've booked four tickets for your family's vacation, and the route is discontinued two weeks before your flight. The combination of the number of tickets involved and the long lead time will probably weigh against you.

If, on the other hand, you're traveling solo, and the four-hour delay you suddenly face will cut the amount of baggage you can do on your one-day trip by exactly half, you are more likely to find a sympathetic ear—particularly if you're already at the airport. Being on the scene in half the battle, telephone reservations agents at right down the hall from ticket officers whose hobby is screening about booking costs down. You are just a voice on the phone.

Gate agents are another story. They are generally alone and unsupervised, and charged with managing a large number of people and airplanes as quickly as possible. They're more likely to make snap decisions and more susceptible to the pressure of losing time before the definition of "reasonable." If you're a member of the airline's frequent flier program, better still, have a fancy title at a corporation that does a lot of business with the carrier, the agent will be more anxious to return your goodwill.

One more tip: the truly mobile traveler will try all these tricks and not be the least bit surprised if none of them work. There's simply never any guarantee that you can get a ticket charged under Rule 240 just by asking. What is guaranteed is what you'll get if you don't ask anything.

—Gloss Reicher

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SMART MONEY

Real Estate Beach Bays

Some seaside houses, like sun-kissed resorts, are theme parks, with oops and ah's preserved in the walls. Others serve as seaside lodger rooms, and that's okay. Not here, see

these houses, with something of the Summer of '62 cottage in them, of Hopper's seaview-chic seaside houses, of the Victorians' weather-beaten lighthouses. —*Low Smith Brady*



BLACK ISLAND



LONG ISLAND



FIRE ISLAND

From the outside, these houses, with their straw color and quiet New England design, fit into the landscape as naturally as an old stone wall. From the inside, what's important is how the landscape is seen, especially in the big house. There, on the first floor, picture windows bring in the outdoor world, as the second floor, the master bedroom has fan-shaped windows that focus on a distant lighthouse, and on the third, the writer's studio has the most dramatic view, view of the ocean. The smaller house has a carpentry workshop on the first floor and two bedrooms on the second. Both houses were built for family members at a total cost of \$75,000. *PHOTOS: BRUCE AND SCOTT BROWN; ARCHITECTS: SCHWARTZ AND JOHNSON*

This house refers to old-time Long Island buildings, but its references are playful, as in the kitchen. On the outside, the lighthouse is meant to suggest a lighthouse, not a lighthouse. Inside, the circular, narrow staircase suggests a climb around a lighthouse. But before you climb, the first floor living/dining/kitchen area has views, all around, of sand dunes. The car'll use the water until you follow one set of wooden stairs to the master bedroom. Another set leads to the lower reading room, where there is a changing table and an outdoor, circular deck. This house was situated in the early 1980s. Construction costs in 1984 were \$254,000. *PHOTO: JOHN AND LUCAS; ARCHITECT: JOHN AND LUCAS*

The architect of this house calls it a "simple to the sea," and also features references to early 20th-century style houses (the house is a simple to the sea). The big beach house is called simple. It's also for the sea and beach, and simple-style references (the house is a simple to the sea). The house, which has no guest rooms or bedrooms facing the beach, it's where the owners come to cook and play classical music for the sea. It's a simple to the sea. The house (3,300 square feet) would cost \$230 per square foot to build in 1984. *PHOTO: JOHN AND LUCAS; ARCHITECT: JOHN AND LUCAS*

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SMART MONEY

Insurance Steering Clear of Total Loss



Most insurance companies limit their total claim adjustment to the market value of your car immediately before an accident. This is usually based on the average value of a car of the same model and year as listed in a guide such as the *The Redbook* or the *NADA (National Used Car Guide)*. Insurance companies believe that, in most cases, this system results in a fair settlement, but there are instances where, for various reasons (low mileage, exceptional condition, or collector's appeal), your car may well be worth more than its market or book value. In the worst case, you sustain a total loss.

Your insurance company will consider your damaged car a "constructive total," not when it is impossible to repair, but when it costs more to repair than the car's market value. In this instance, or in the case of theft, you will be paid the car's market value—certainly not enough to buy a new car, although in theory, it should cover the cost of buying a used car of the same model and year as your damaged one.

In there any way you can line additional protection to assure you will get a higher settlement in case of a total loss?

For a new car, one option is a replacement-cost endorsement. This is a relatively new endorsement to auto policies,

available from only a handful of companies, and not approved in all states.

A pioneer in replacement-cost auto coverage is the Kemper Group. Their Kemper Total endorsement must be purchased within ninety days of buying a new car. You may then keep it as long as you own your car and elect it on the coverage lapse. In case of damage, Kemper will pay the cost of repairing your car, regardless of whether this cost exceeds the car's current market value, or if the car cannot be repaired, or the cost of the repairs exceeds the cost of

buying a comparable new car. Kemper will mail you a check to cover the full cost of buying you a new car of the same make (if possible) and vehicle size and class, with the same equipment, minus your deductible. The policy does not apply to physical damage caused by fire, theft, or burglary.

The additional cost of the Kemper Total would be 10 percent of your combined comprehensive and collision premium, or about \$35 in premiums every six months (on a minimum-coverage policy).

Whether your car is old or new, the Chubb Group's

Agreed Value option may be for you. With Agreed Value, you tell Chubb, via your insurance agent or broker, how much your car is worth and what you should receive in the event of a total loss. If Chubb agrees to this amount—and in most cases they will not insist on an appraisal, but will work with you to set a fair sum—the amount becomes part of your policy. That way, you'll know exactly how much you'll receive for a total loss—and, under this option, for a total loss, any deductible is waived. Unlike the Kemper Total, theft, fire, and burglary are not excluded.

For most cars, the extra cost for Agreed Value is \$25 a year, plus \$10 for each \$1,000 by which your coverage exceeds your car's normal book value. Thus, if your car had a book value of \$5,000, but Chubb agreed to insure it for \$10,000, you would pay \$45 a year extra. At the end of each year, unless you and Chubb agree on a new, higher value for your car, your coverage would decrease by the normal depreciation rate under cars, but it would maintain the same floor in excess of the car's book value. Thus, if the book value decreased by \$500 to \$7,500, your coverage would also drop by \$500, to \$8,000.

—*Peter D. Lawrence*

Financial Hotline

WHO TAKES THE CREDIT FOR LOST CARDS?

While credit-card companies are usually snappy about replacing stolen cards and covering the illegal charges, your bank may prove less dependable. Many national banks are not as well versed in the federal rules governing automatic-teller machines as they should be, says Dean DeBuck, an officer of the Comptroller of the Currency. "We were noting instances where banks were not abiding by the provisions under the Electronic Fund Transfer Act, and we felt we had to remind them of their obligations." Under the law, if you report a lost

card before anyone else uses it, you have no liability whatsoever. If you tell the bank within two business days of discovering the card's loss, your liability is no more than \$50. If you inform the bank within sixty days, you're liable for up to \$500. And if you fail to notify the bank within sixty days of receiving the statement showing the unauthorized withdrawals on it, you're liable for the whole lot and could be. But if you did your part and notified the bank within sixty days of receiving the statement, you can call a federal office for help. Write

the Consumer Complaints Specialist, Consumer Examination Division, The Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D.C. 20218.

TYPING AT THE TOP

In the never-ending search for excellence, executives have hit on a member of electronic self-improvement: Typing. Of all things, it is in demand. And as the computer becomes a fixture in most offices, many managers think themselves envying Katherine Gibbs graduates their nimble fingers. By playing

Master-Type (Scarborough Systems, \$399.95), an arcade-type game that involves hitting the right keys to fend off intruders, they can pick up speed quickly and painlessly. Two other winners with managers are programs that help organize thoughts and untangle complicated issues. ThinkTank (Living Videotext, \$150) and The Klein Ganttizer (Experience Software, \$79.95) can be used as almost any situation to make problem-solving more accessible and logical. They are also more fun. If some executives, many managers, think they're not fast enough, let's not underestimate the power of a legal pad. —*Janet Conant*



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The Winter Sand

Memories of an Alien Childhood

Beginning next month, contributing editor Gay Talese takes us on an unforgettable journey through his own past, through his father's past, all the way to the very beginning of the Italian experience.

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Gay Talese, at age nine, on the boardwalk at the Jersey Shore, 1940





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DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

Honest Mistakes

by Perri Klass

They have been doctors for
less than a month. They
work 120 hours a week, making
life-and-death decisions,
often on three hours' sleep.
Sometimes they slip up.
Can you blame them?

Saturday morning in the hospital. Outside, a hot August day
is beginning, cars are heading out of the city toward the
beach, people in bed are stretching, remembering it's
Saturday, rolling over to sleep for a few hours more. But in
the hospital, the lights are fluorescent, the climate is controlled,
and the day is beginning. On the fifth floor, team two is convening
for work rounds: a resident, two interns, two medical students.

"It's going to be a beautiful day," one of the interns mutters to
the medical students. "I am always, and I mean always, on call
when the weather is good."

As the group hurries off down the hall to begin rounds, one
medical student says to the other, "Oh God, I don't want to be
here this morning."

Perri Klass graduated from Harvard Medical School in June and is pursuing a residency
in pediatrics. I am having an interest in literature, her latest story collection, is published by Putnam.

EXPERIENCE IN THE FIRST YEAR AFTER MEDICAL school. All internships began in July, so the residents at the Eastern Shore Medical Center for a month or so. They are just barely accustomed to writing M.D. after their names, and they are proudly aware of their limited experience, their limited knowledge in a profession where it is expected to know it all. They depend on the people above them in the hierarchy to save them from the possible results of limited experience and knowledge. The resident has already finished internship; he directs the team and oversees the interns. The attending physician oversees together constitute the house staff. And the medical students are setting their feet for the first time, here to learn about the hospital, to watch the interns and imagine themselves doing that job, as they will be, in a couple of years.

THE RESIDENT IS JOHN MCCOY. He is quite small, thin, and wiry, with curly red hair, he almost dances through the hospital, and has ironic naiveté about the interns and residents in General. His style is bouganville; he likes to imagine his team rolling along, making decisions, firing snappy insults at one another. At twenty-nine, he will put in only 150 hours a week. This month, he seems just a little over \$24,000.

The intern on call for the day is Phil Maxwell, a kind twenty-seven-year-old from the Midwest, open-faced, blue-eyed, and profoundly compulsive. Even among the house staff, others more graciously acknowledge themselves in Type A's. Phil has the reputation of going in at 10:30 p.m., working a little too hard. The interns who in postcall, who has been in the hospital all night, is Karen Newton, thirty-eight, she has only been here and lived here. She, she declares her complete freedom of medical school, and though she is respected by the house staff for the expert papers that are now being published with his name on them, she is also known to be a little rusty at clinical work—all that in the lab. This month, the interns aren't working quite as many hours as the resident. Yet 120 hours a week. They make about \$22,000 a year.

That leaves the two medical students, both twenty-five. They work with the interns, so one of them is postcall, and one is in on call. The one on call is Matthew Blumstein; it is no coincidence that his name is the same as the name of one of the hospital buildings. Matthew is in the fourth generation of brilliant physicians in a family that has been associated with this hospital for over a century. Fortunately, he

is an extremely recent young man. Like Karen, he has been up most of the night, preparing a work-up on the patient he is admitted, and also having with blood-drawing, errands, whatever comes along. The other medical student, Elizabeth, the one who on call for the night to come, is more than a little like me. Her hair is pinned up in a bun, her earrings are simple, a little inappropriate for the hospital (they look apart her stethoscope, making it hard to hear heart sounds) and she looks a little bit tense and a little bit depressed. It was, needless to say, she and Mr. Maxwell who complained of not wanting to be here. The medical students are more or less following the intern's schedule, about 125 hours a

month here, who presented yesterday with increased DUE, admitted to jugular vein thrombosis. He's been intubated twice in the past. . . . Mr. Blumstein is a twenty-year-old white man with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease who has been in this hospital many times and came in yesterday with increased dyspnea (shortness of breath) and chest pain. He was admitted to his drug regimen could be adjusted. He has needed a breathing tube and ventilator twice in the past. . . .

John takes notes on each patient. He is responsible for all these people, if the intern has made a mistake, then it is his first opportunity to catch it. He occasionally traps out a question, so on Mr. Harrison.



In teaching hospitals like the one pictured here, medical students, interns, and residents make crucial decisions in an atmosphere of physical stress—long hours, hectic schedules, little sleep—and intense pressure.

week. They are each paying \$14,000 a year for the privilege.

WORK BEGINS: SEVEN BEGINS THE DOING team up to do on the patients moving with them down the hall, door by door.

Mr. Harrison, definitely ruled out for an MI, spiked to 103 last night. I called him up, nothing on his chest film, might just be the flu. Mr. Harrison has been determined not to have had a heart attack (myocardial infarction), had a temperature of 103 last night, got specimens of his blood and urine sent to the lab to be cultured for bacteria, and shows no signs of pleurisy or other problems on his chest X-ray.

Mr. Kaplan, stable, awaiting pleurocentesis. Mrs. Kaplan is able to leave the hospital but has nowhere to go. Social Service needs to place her in a nursing home. New admission, Mr. Basso, is a twenty-year-old white COPD'er with multiple

"Did you look at his sputum?" He went totally blanking anything up. "Karen says, not adding that she was up each too busy last night to attend second reading for someone to cough up some sputumated into go progress and stain alone in the lab. "I can check that later, if you want," offers Matthew Blumstein. Sputum examination is frequently a medical-student job. Elizabeth has a very slight and completely unassuming smile at his manner. The team finishes rounds and heads to the cafeteria for breakfast. They eat quickly, and restrict their conversation to the events of the previous night on the ward.

ATTENDING HURRY THE ATTENDING—ON this case Dr. Henry Blumstein—in the air.

The author has changed some details completely, and changed other details to protect the authors in this story. All characters and incidents are chosen from the author's observations.

physician responsible for supervising the team. He comes in every day except Sunday to hear about new admissions, teach the students, advise on complicated cases. This morning Matthew Blumstein presents his patient, Mrs. Rogers, a twenty-seven-year-old black woman who came to the hospital with a vague history of fatigue, weight loss, stomach pain—and in the one private room, the intern examining her had felt an extremely enlarged liver. So now she is in the hospital to be worked up, and Matthew runs down a list of possible diagnoses: hepatitis, other infections, malignancy. Dr. Blumstein, after listening to the details of the case, recognizes that he would put his money on malignancy.

lower cancer, since some people think it is associated with the birth control pill, and Mrs. Rogers has taken the pill in the past. Phil Maxwell, looking a little better, says that in that case he'll go with lung cancer, which leaves Karen and Elizabeth, the two women, with heart, and that makes everyone slightly uncomfortable. The team briefly discusses one other new admission, a diabetic man named Mr. Theodorakis, sixty years old, who seems to have had a very bad attack of his coronary arteries. Karen Newton explains that though both Mr. Theodorakis and his wife were a little frightened by the severity of the episode, it is apparently something that has happened many times before, and

lets not do so, because it means two needle sticks instead of one, and the local anesthetic can cause a little swelling, making it a little harder to do the test. The doctor says that Mr. Theodorakis is a first-time arterial blood gas sample, the first thing he says when he sees the apnea is, "Get some Klyconase, young man, or you don't come anywhere near me."

Obviously, Mr. Theodorakis is the Klyconase, injects it, and then, sure enough, needs two attempts to get the needle into the artery. When he finally gets it, and the red blood begins to spurt into the syringe powered by the strong arterial pulse, Mr. Theodorakis says nothing. "You need a new practice," Matthew, who has been up almost all night, feels a sudden urge to say something but represses himself and smiles. He applies pressure to the patient's artery into the syringe full of blood into a bag of ice, and then leaves the room, depositing the sample at the ward secretary's desk. The ward secretary calls for a transporter to come and take it down to the lab.

Because it is Saturday, John McCoy goes home soon after noon. Karen Newton gets only one free day off every three weeks, and she is grateful to John for letting her out so early, morning her daylight time away from the hospital by 50 percent. She is going home to a couple of weeks of on-call duty, promising herself a telephone call to her boyfriend from medical school, who is in a city a thousand miles away during a regular residency. He'll be in the hospital, of course, but even in surgery shifts he can be slow on a Saturday, as she knows him. Before anything can come up, she must require her help, she gives her stethoscope and leaves.

Elizabeth goes down to collect the bloody products of lab results on the midday down call, and she also rides up to the monitor, she looks over the monitor, wondering whether all these numbers will ever be clear to her. Her hours about her own lack of knowledge, her inability to think simply and straightforwardly about a set medical problem, or at ways part of her approach to the hospital. She is studied full of facts, memorized and partly scrambled, from her medical-school courses. She has learned a certain amount as the hospital, systematically absorbed according to her own interest in certain patients, her level of alertness on particular rounds or particular shifts, the attentiveness of the people doing the teaching. She runs her finger across the printed. So the patient's liver-function tests are slightly up from yesterday, up just above



The teaching the house staff goes through is probably necessary—after all, beginning physicians need hands-on experience. But some may wonder if there isn't a better way—for the beleaguered doctor and his beleaguered patients.

John's eyes light up at this turn of phrase. "What kind?" he asks. He proposes a bet. It is a primary liver cancer in a metastatic form, but cancer, or from a lung tumor, or from a breast tumor?

Dr. Black, who is a little uncomfortable with this talk of betting, turns to the medical students and asks, "What other cancer commonly metastasizes to the liver, and why is it unlikely to die in patients?"

Elizabeth has no idea, but Matthew has been up all night reading about liver disease and says quickly, "Melanoma, uterine, or bladder."

Dr. John is attached to the idea of a bet, and in addition, unwilling to struggle a little with the attending for control of rounds, so he persists a battle of wits to the person who correctly names the malignancy. He himself will go for gut metastasis, and Matthew Blumstein, eager to please but confident, immediately changes priority

Mr. Theodorakis is looking much better already this morning. "He may be ready to go home tomorrow," she adds.

ATTENDING ROUNDS ARE OVER AND THE rest of the day begins. Because it is Saturday, there are no scheduled rounds, also because it is Saturday, most tests are not available except in case of emergency. For their investigative CT scans, their barium swallow, their pulmonary-function tests, the patients will have to wait until Monday.

Matthew Blumstein goes in to get an arterial blood gas on Mr. Theodorakis—to measure the amount of oxygen in his blood. Getting blood from an artery causes a much more painful needle stick than a regular blood-drawing from a vein; some people inject a little local anesthetic into the skin before sticking the needle directly into the beating pulse. Matthew pre-

normal. Does that mean anything? Probably not. Suddenly she notices something in Mr. Theokritin's attitude, looks around, decides she's caught the best of several big valves on the back of the generator.

When she gets off the elevator at the fifth floor, she finds Phil Maxwell, her intern, and shows him the printed inkings. Almost tautly, "Doesn't it look like Mr. Theokritin is having a heart attack?"

Phil grabs the printout and stares at it. A cardiac enzyme, creatine phosphokinase (CPK), is sharply elevated in Mr. Theokritin's blood, and this enzyme is usually elevated right after a heart attack.

"I can't believe it," Phil says. "The room resident didn't check this out last night." Phil says to Elizabeth, as they hurry to find John. "Or else Karen should have—when you're dealing with an older diabetic, who could have diabetic neuropathy, you have to allow for the possibility of a silent MI; they have them all the time."

They find John, and Phil thrusts the printout at him, indicating the value.

"Oh, shit!" John says. An hour later, Mr. Theokritin is in the intensive-care unit and John is no longer responsible for his well-being. John and Phil are arguing about what the proper course of treatment and diagnosis should have been the night before, when Mr. Theokritin showed up with his story of just another asthma attack. It is not possible to tell for certain, of course, whether he was really having an asthma attack, and had a heart attack brought on by the strain of it, or whether his difficulty breathing was attributable all along to a genuine heart attack. Neither the emergency-room doctor nor Karen thought much about a heart attack last night, since the orthodox therapy seemed to make him better, his electrocardiogram was very nonspecific, and the cardiac enzyme values didn't come back from the lab until this morning.

John is annoyed to have a heart attack discovered like this; he feels it looks bad for his team. Phil is convinced that it could have happened if he had been on call. He misinterprets himself of this several times, waiting for John to change his opinion, but Karen made an obvious mistake, even if he is not quite sure what that mistake was. John, whose opinion of all interns is low, has finished his own internship only a month ago, and it is important to him to set himself apart from potential beginners, offers no such appreciation.

Elizabeth goes to see a patient she has been following for quite a while, an elderly gentleman named Mr. Wusel. He came into the hospital almost two months ago for a very early minor coronary artery surgery. Following his surgery, he developed pneumonia, and after that his wound from the surgery began to look infected. To make matters worse, he picked up a urinary-tract infection. The urological surgeons have finally handled him over to the medical

team, carefully watching their needs of him. Noting that he has happened to him is particularly surprising, hospital-acquired infections are a very common problem, especially in elderly or debilitated patients. Mr. Wusel has just had a particularly bad run of them. In addition, his many elderly people, he has found the hospital extremely disorienting and confusing and whether himself alone or from drug side-effects as well, he is no longer mentally alert; he occasionally becomes disoriented and he suffers from delusions. When he came to the hospital, he was a pleasant, reasonably sharp gentleman who lived alone and did his own shopping and cooking. He is now classified as needing "placement." His current major problem is persistent pneumonia. Elizabeth takes a sample of his sputum every day and stores it, looks at it under the microscope to see what she can see, she is always still looking. He is now classified as needing "placement." His current major problem is persistent pneumonia. Elizabeth takes a sample of his sputum every day and stores it, looks at it under the microscope to see what she can see, she is always still looking. He is now classified as needing "placement." His current major problem is persistent pneumonia. Elizabeth takes a sample of his sputum every day and stores it, looks at it under the microscope to see what she can see, she is always still looking. He is now classified as needing "placement."

Matthew Baxter is furious; he has just called down to find out the results of the arterial blood gas he drew on Mr. Theokritin, now very important to know; the intensive-care-unit team wants those figures. And the blood gas lab wants they never received the sample (transport must have lost it—or maybe they dropped it and broke it and didn't want to report it). The unit team will have to draw another.

Phil Maxwell gets called by the intern in the emergency room, who announces that they have two new admissions and five others waiting for him. Phil disappears down toward his new patients' unit to be seen on the ward again for several hours.

"ELIZABETH, WILL YOU PLEASE GO GET A NEW IV ON MR. PICKERTON," says John. It is a gesture of toward evening, and he wants to go home. It is Saturday, after all, and he is on call tomorrow night, and though it is sometimes hard to believe when he is seeing like a ten-year-old, George McGonigle is married, and eventually he likes to see his wife every now and then. He isn't losing weight; his life is stable, and he is getting married.

Mrs. Pickerton is a lady who everyone knows is not going to get better. She can't let anything mess it off the time, and her husband sits over her when you are going to start an IV on her, mothering instructions. Elizabeth collects her equipment—the IV needle, a tourniquet, alcohol swabs, tape—and goes into Mrs. Pickerton's room. Mrs. Pickerton is a very old and shrewd woman, and she is completely beyond retirement, going through radiation therapy with no real improvement. She was taken home to live out her days by her devoted husband, but developed pneumonia, and he had to bring her back in.

"Hello, doctor," Mrs. Pickerton says as

Elizabeth bustles. Mr. Pickerton always manages to convey the hope that maybe this time, maybe with this doctor, there will be a new treatment, a new chance.

"I need to start her IV," Elizabeth says, wrapping the tourniquet around the old woman's wasted arm. Mr. Pickerton, as usual, hangs forward, telling Elizabeth, "Now, you will be careful, won't you, Doctor? She always had such sensitive skin."

In fact, there have been so many IVs in Mrs. Pickerton's veins, and her blood vessels in general are so thin and tortuous, that Elizabeth cannot see any likely place to put the new IV. And with Mr. Pickerton sitting so close, she feels reluctant to poke blindly. She takes off the tourniquet and goes in search of John, wishing that he was gone for the day so not would see her and Phil. Phil may be intense, but he is always willing to teach. But when she finds John, he merely looks at her in a condescending and says, "You're in your third year of medical school; you should be able to start an IV. No excuses."

So Elizabeth whisks around and goes back to Mrs. Pickerton, rapidly telling old George where to get old George, it is only fair to say, is not the least bit interested in teaching. He looks at medical students as inconveniences, work-stealing devices for his team, but he has no desire to fulfill the other half of the usual bargain and pay back any of the time they save by teaching them. Anyway, right now George is in no mood to be patient with anyone who might delay his team going home.

It takes Elizabeth four tries to get the IV going, though she finally doubts whether any of the house staff could have done it more easily. Mr. Pickerton looks at Elizabeth reproachfully, but he murmurs, "Thank you very much, Doctor," as she pricks up her wasted needles and leaves.

MATTHEW BAXTER GOES HOME, AFTER writing a two-page progress note on Mrs. Rogers, the woman with the big liver. The progress note is a masterpiece of diplomacy, covering all the possibilities discussed in attending rounds without committing himself to any, as you surely know another, despite Matthew's best on liver cancer.

Even John McGonigle goes home, after one last tense conversation with the intensive-care-unit team about how he could ever have allowed Mr. Theokritin's MI to go by him like that. "Okay, now," John says to Phil Maxwell, "call me if you have any serious problems, but they don't need to be serious." And he goes home to what is really now only a two-and-a-half-hour evening, knowing he will give himself six extra hours or two to enjoy being out of the hospital and then be fixed tomorrow.

ELIZABETH IS WORKING UP HER PATIENT for the evening, Mr. Virgus, a twenty-something-old man who spends only Saturdays. He has come into the hospital because for the

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that those days he has had terrible, agonizing and chaotic; he is terminally dehydrated, and the most important thing he does is to get some fluid into him. His IV was started in the emergency room, and the nurses took over when he was moved to the Unit. The doctor after Spanish is very weak. She manages to find out from him how long all this has been going on, whether there has been blood in his stool ("either sausage",) and whether he has vomited ("yes, a little bit, but not a lot"), and, since she knows Phil will not tell about this, she attempts to find out his sexual history. If he is gay, various intestinal parasites that can be hereditarily acquired ought to be excluded in any kind of possible diagnosis. But Elizabeth is unable to make herself understood when she asks this question, but she can manage to ask him whether he has female friends ("sawage"—she has met, not had sex with, a woman, but she has had sex with a man, and she has had sex with a woman and looked pregnant). She considers dressing pictures, then decides not to pursue it, since he could also have acquired intestinal parasites at his house in Mexico, so she asks him whether he has ever had a sexual difference. Or what he will tell her.

Phil Mitchell by now has fine antennae to work up. He examines each patient as thoroughly as possible, carefully runs his mind over a list of things he's thought of, the things to be done, the diagnosis to be ruled out, the diagnosis to be considered. He is being very persuaded by what happened lately with Mr. Theodoros. He would like to believe that he could cover over a thing like that just by him, that Karen was truly careless last night—but he knows that every night he can't let a new thing happen. He's been thinking about it again lately before he goes to sleep. He's been thinking about a doctor, a nurse and a husband. He doesn't actually say to himself, "What if I kill someone?" but that is because the thought is always in the back of his mind.

In fact, he often finds himself inventing scenarios, wrong decisions he could make that would leave someone dead or dying. Most of these scenarios involve being too slow to call for help when he needs it. That the nurses are not alone in the hospital at night is a scary resident, an anesthesiologist, a surgeon, and various other people are all available if he asks for them. But it is a no-show to recognize a problem, the times to treat something himself when it is no bed beyond him. He can make up hundreds of stories with himself as a villain.

He, like many of the other house staff, believes that the training he is going through is necessary and unreplaceable. You cannot learn to be a doctor if you are not left alone to care for patients. But, like many of the other interns, he sometimes finds himself wondering, especially in the very early hours of the morning, when he has not slept and will not sleep, whether it is actually necessary to be left alone so sorely tired and under so much stress.

Phie thinks about this, a little nervously, when the emergency room calls him yet again. He is not at all pleased to learn about his newest admission: The Burton family's youngest son, 17-year-old Philip, is in the emergency room, the Beverly Hills Hospital's emergency department. He has bone cancer, and they have brought her into the hospital because she is suddenly worse. As so on many other hospital admissions, they fear, and maybe also hope a little, that this time it will be the last.

Philip is a handsome, athletic young man. Burton has been a fan of all his basketball charts that Phil would like to look in his less compulsive interludes might just glance at the most recent volume, and has been a very used to the hospital, they will not be surprised to learn that he is a very optimistic one. In addition, let us to this case, younger than himself, dying of a horrible disease, one that is on Phil's own personal list of the worst, short-term 40-50-year-old that doesn't, a list maintained by

As he is heading out to see the Burton's

Elizabeth is stuffed full of facts, memorized and partly remembered, from her courses.

he passes Elisabeth, who is writing up her notes on Mr. Vargus. He stops and asks her if she would please give Mrs. Pinkerton a dose of Dilantin, an antiseizure medication. Elisabeth has never given Dilantin before; the drug is to be given intravenously, which the nurses are not allowed to do, and Phil has no time. He reminds Elisabeth that Dilantin has to be given very slowly, with the patient's blood pressure taken at intervals, since the drug can cause a sudden drop in pressure.

Elizabeth does as she is told, but, to her horror, when she checks the postage after the third tiny increment of drug, it is way down. She grabs the phone by the belt, and after paying Phil Maxwell, asks him to come right now.

"Okay, calm down." Phil says. "She's NEVER anyway, isn't she?"

DOH stands for Do Not Resuscitate, a label applied to a patient who has expressed a wish for no life-sustaining measures on the event of failure of the heart and/or lungs. In Mrs. Finkerton's case, her husband was eventually persuaded, though he was quite reluctant to agree, that it would be inhuman to subject his wife to cardiopulmonary resuscitation, to a mechanical ventilator, to electric shocks to the heart. Still, Elizabeth was not prepared to see her rejection of DNR as a merely killing.

"Come up here," she says to Phil with a certain amount of fury in her voice. So Phil

knows a Mr. Pukerson goes fast and mercenaries, but blood pressure comes back up, and she will be in labor tomorrow as she was today. Finally, after a three-hour wait, the nurse calls her to the delivery room. Virginia tells herself over and over that she had injected the Dilantin just as slowly as she was supposed to, but there had been a mistake. The nurse says, "You're all right, it's all over now. And there is no way to know, of course, whether she is not pushed the drug a little too fast, whether the nurse she drew up with the nurse was wrong, or whether the nurse who gave her the Dilantin was only this very weak, very sick lady's blood pressure might have dropped. It is also true that the legal status of medical students in the hospital is very unclear. Medical students are not supposed to do anything they don't want; they are supposed to do simply because they are needed. The doctors are usually busy, the patient needs

THE NIGHT GOES ON. MR. VARGAS begins facing back harder after only a few hours of interminable Mr. Wiesel waxes up and becomes loud, then sometimes silent. He is not alone in his suffering. They have standing order for tranquilizers on him, since this has happened before, and they medicate him back into his dreams. Eldest brother is fighting his last battle, and her parents, weary of the war, are leaving her alone, though visiting hours are of course long over. Up on the intensive care unit, Mr. Theodorakis suffers yet another peaceful heart attack this time, because he is so thoroughly exhausted, even though he has been sleeping for 12 hours. He feels a little less superior to John McGeough and his limbs, since even with all their elaborate monitoring equipment, they were unable to prevent this. Mrs. Prokhorov stays up late in the cooling, strong odors. She is alone. She is alone with her dream, develops a temperature.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Mrs. Pinkerton is DNR. But Elizabeth isn't ready to see her injection as a mercy killing.

feels did not keep him properly informed. He gives Mr. Wisocki's nurse a short and unpleasant lecture, the gist of which is you may have killed this patient. The nurse, who has been a nurse for almost fifteen times as long as John has been a doctor, is not unduly upset by this. "You're supposed to be the doctor," she tells him. "Too bad if it's too much for you."

John's mood had not improved in his cells in the surgeons' announcements to them. "This is one of the stunts you screwed up at," said the surgeon, "and you're going to pay for it now, so you damn well better order it." The surgeons, though they agree that it lacks life abstraction, are very reluctant to accept a position of moral passivity. In a very different way, they would like to find in heredity what you would call MacIntyre.

Suddenly John as a hero. "Now, listen to me," he almost shouts. "This guy says I'm going to die. Well, I'm not going to die. I've planned it, he wouldn't say except for moral life planning problems, and then the male surgeons got hold of him and since there's been sensory-nerve infection and some infection and pneumonia and blood poisoning, I'm going to have to go in for surgery and try to help him out."

"Glad, Coates, just relax," the surgeons tell him as they agree to take Mr. Waisson to the operating room. John returns to paganism.

Mr. Waisson's stomach to the tube of Mr. Waisson's stood down to the

blood bank so that they can match it with some blood to transfuse during surgery, he neglects to wrap up all the proper forms and labels. A surgeon calls an hour later to tell John gleefully that the blood bank has thrown away the improperly labeled tube and John will have to draw more blood. The blood bank is extremely picky about this, since giving someone blood meant for another patient could be fatal. Cursing, John draws more blood, then asks a nurse to stamp and label the tube. The nurses do not generally like John but do like Mr. Wood, so they comply.

There are no new admissions after 11:00. John writes up short notes (no one is going to criticize him) and gets no sleep.

ON MONDAY MORNING, JUST AS WERE sounds are beginning, Eleanor Burton dies. Phil, the sister who admitted her, finds herself awkwardly trying to comfort her parents, who are torn between grief and relief.

Phil, whose, after all, from the Midwest, leaves pages through the hospital phone book, looking for Sklopperman. Elizabeth waits until John is gone and then suggests, "I think the name is actually Sklopperman." Phil finds the name, pages Dr. Sklopperman, grateful that he doesn't have to go back in to the kitchen himself.

[illegible]

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Unconventional Wisdom

The Burden of Bearing Arms *by Adam Smith*

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One night last winter someone shot the prime minister of Sweden. Olof Palme and his wife were walking home from a movie in Stockholm when the gunman killed them. The prime minister had no security guards or secret-service men with him.

I was struck the next day by points in two stories that appeared in the same issue of *The New York Times*. The first, from Stockholm, reported that this crime "would have been regarded as highly unusual in Sweden even if the victim had not been the prime minister." The second, and Rana Wraeghaat, head of the Stockholm police's criminal-investigation division, is that there are only twenty to twenty-five murders a year in Stockholm, and only five or six of those involve handguns. No one could recall a previous case in which someone had been shot on the street in Stockholm. In Sweden your chances of walking around to a ripe old age without being struck by a bullet are extremely high.

Then—on a back page instead of page 1—another point from another politician, Sergeant Mike Thomas of Houston. In Houston, there may be five or six shoot-ups a year by children, and Sergeant Thomas, last 1986 was unusual—in a two-month period, twelve children had shot each other, and six of those had died. Guns in Houston are a common household item.

In two months, many children had murdered each other in a Texas city with guns that adults die in the course of a year in Stockholm. "In most cases," and Sergeant Thomas, "it's a parent's gun or a friend's gun." Texas officials said it was impossible to estimate the number of guns in Houston because gun sales are recorded only by the dealers who sell the firearms

The contrast among nations in annual gun deaths is quite striking.

It looks like this:
Great Britain—4
Canada—6
Japan—92
West Germany—17
United States—8,000

If death by gunfire were a disease, we would have a national commission working on its eradication. Giant drug companies would be racing to see which could first come up with the cure. Victims of Nobel Prizes would dance in the heads of politicians in their beds like at night. Doctors and scientists would be given by leading societies with proceeds going to research for the noble cause. Brave little victims—the ones that survived—would appear with the President, and their appearances would become posters.

Gunfire is not a disease, so we roll right along, ten thousand or so dead a year,



maybe a couple of hundred thousand spent.

I have written before about handguns and their use, because I am always struck by the casualness with which we take death by gunfire—statistically, that is. "Right to life" inspires violent emotions, but it does not refer to escaping death by gunfire. Not in a country, we haven't set the goal of getting the numbers down to single digits in the gunfire death columns. Canada—6, England—4.

Anyone who writes on this subject can expect an immediate response from the National Rifle Association. The NRA is the organization that runs the slick magazine ads that wave red, white, and blue. It must have a computer that scans for the words "gun control," and then generates ten thousand letters

whenever those words appear together.

After a spurious column, I was on a radio talk show. Some callers said, "Nobody is going to take any gun away, especially not you, you communist-bogus-wino." Then I said, "No one is talking about *long* guns. Anyone can have as many shotguns as they like, rifles too. And we are not going to have any law against that swing across the sky and picks up the sixty million or so handguns we already have stashed." I then registered myself a bit with the callers. I said, "When I was in the Army Special Forces, we had to take apart and put back together all kinds of guns—Kukrisnikovs and Uzis and M16s and others you don't even know about." The callers got interested. Special Forces? Uzis? M16s? Was? Then how can you—day must have gotten to you. They got to you, didn't they? (For the record, I should say that the *Newsweek* is the author of *The Heavy Gun: Supremacy, Power of Mind, and Power Money*.

If death by gunfire were a disease, we would have a national commission working on its eradication.

Army course we had won [and], when we sat at the tables taking those weapons apart, I always seemed to have a couple of parts left over when I had put them back together, and I ended help from the instructors.)

But we do—I said to the officers—have to start to work on this problem of violent death and injury by gunfire. What is surprising—if you haven't followed the news from our gun-control legislation—in that the International Association of Chiefs of Police and other national police organizations have been on the opposite side from the NRA. After reading dozens of documents, I learned that what most annoyed the police chiefs was the influence of the gun lobby in banning armor-piercing ammunition. This is one point that really did confuse me. Why would anyone want armor-piercing ammunition? Deter and rain it did not seem armor. Even armor-burglars do not wear armor. Armor is a metaphor, really—it was by its name target police. Richard Boyd, national president of the National Order of Police, wrote in following: "Every day, officers risk their lives protecting citizens from criminal attack, and yet the NRA is determined to support these officers by working to ban the sale of such [armor-piercing] bullets. In fact, NRA lobbyists have blocked the bill for nearly four years. As officers, we need armor-piercing bullets banned. We need the continued passage of other state handgun laws. We wear a national warning period and background check for handgun purchases."

Why does the NRA support virtually all forms of handgun sales and ammunition? Steve Joyce, a New Jersey congressman and a supporter of handgun legislation, said this: "There is more money being made in selling guns than there is in a good cause to prevent their abuse.... For all the virtues of our system of government, it often responds more to those who are loudest or the best financed, rather than to those who represent the greatest numbers." The lobbying budget of the NRA is said to be \$80 million a year.

If one looked only to Congress as a reflection of the American people, it would seem that we were totally a nation of gun lovers: good old boys with the gun racks in our pickup trucks, determined homeowners with handguns in our night tables, ready to wake up and make the morning newspaper. So it is not surprising that in 2000 the Gallup poll found that a large majority of Americans want tougher handgun controls. Why do we not see this in Congress?

The NRA, for its part, says that honest sportmen are being punished—also even having their constitutional rights affected

Criminals aren't deterred by bureaucratic rules—they start most of their gun activity. The NRA says, since that it is the criminal who should be punished, not the gun-owner or the gun-owner. Crime without gun, no problem, says the NRA.

Necessary sentencing would be a help, said Sarah Brady, but it addresses only part of the problem: Sarah Brady is the wife of James Brady, who is the press secretary to the President. While James Brady lived with that title, he has not really functioned as the press secretary since March 30, 1981, the day he was shot in the head by John Hinckley, who also shot President Reagan in the chest. Brady is still undergoing internet rehabilitation, but he is paralyzed, he has difficulty moving around, and he is able to go to his office only once a week.

In her testimony before a House committee considering gun-control legislation, Sarah Brady said: "I ask other citizens to join the John Hinckleys of this world to walk out a store, buy a handgun, and go out and shoot people.... He [Hinckley] walked into a Dallas pawnshop, purchased a cheap Remington-Union Special—no questions asked, no waiting period to see if he had a criminal or mental-health record—and a few minutes later was on his way, ready to shoot the President of the United States because he thought it would make a popular actress, Julie Foudry, life in love with him. "I sit in a hospital bed and a conservator. Many people whose political views are similar to mine oppose what they call gun control. As they define it, so do I.... What I am for is finding ways to keep handguns out of the wrong hands—increasing background checks so that law-enforcement agencies can trace the owner as easily as they can the owner of an automobile."

Sarah Brady is the daughter of an FBI agent and grew up being taught with guns. She says that in school in a conservative Illinois—her husband's home town—she was active in the gun-control movement. "An old friend asked my son Scott and me to go for a ride in his pickup truck," Scott said. "We got in. Scott picked up what looked like a sawed-off rifle and pointed it toward himself. My father taught us from an early age to be a very healthy respect for guns, so I said, 'Scott, don't ever point a gun at anyone, even if it's only a toy.' Then, to my horror, it reloaded it was no toy. It turned out to be a fully-loaded Saturday night special that we had kept on the back of his truck for what he called 'safety' reasons."

"I wondered how many other curious adults left handguns lying around for children to pick up. My mind went back to the day Jim was shot, and then further back to the day one of my best friends was murder-

ered—with a handgun—by her estranged boyfriend."

Sarah Brady has become one of the directors of Handgun Control Inc., a lobby group that is opposed to firearms but still has nothing like the three million members of the NRA. Sarah Brady's group can feel all one horrifying statistic after another.

• Someone is injured by a handgun every two and a half minutes.

• Each year more than two hundred thousand handguns are stolen.

• Each year we spend \$300 million treating people who have been shot by handguns.

• Every day, on the average, one child under fourteen is killed with a handgun.

"When we're frequently accused of being emotional," Sarah Brady told me, "but I've never seen greater emotion than the NRA practices. After a meeting proposed at all, and the NRA sends 'Legislative Alerts' to its members, and tells them to force Congress with a bill. Not just about armor-piercing bullets and sub-compact guns—even anymore. Why would a sportsman—this is a woman—need a silencer? The NRA says, 'What can be done would like to have silencers.' It's always 'collectors.'"

Severity of the American people want stronger handgun controls, but such congressional is surely because the NRA can throw all its weight into a campaign. Congressmen are afraid of the power of these single-issue groups.

I asked Sarah Brady what the most common reaction she got at talk shows was. The callers said, "Why do you have a gun license?" she said. "We do defend you when the time comes. Why don't you go after the community? But I think younger people are making the danger of gun shots as being Saturday night sports to anyone at the airport. Like car-wreckers will be some of the hardest to convince—they do like to hang on to that much energy. It's going to take a long time, but eventually we will have a gun-free zone around the common side of guns."

Many Americans live in the suburban rush that comes with a suburban lifestyle. Charles Brown is almost not only in *Deadly Wish II* and *III*, and there are posters of Ronald Reagan in *Brinkley*. Yet Americans do work together handgun legislation. There are good, and much of the country is enjoying itself. We have a lot of education, and the stock market has made those not feel rich. But the pleasures of wealth require peaceful and stable communities. You may be the richest man in Beirut, but if you can't walk out your house and drive to the corner to safety, you are poorer than the poorest citizen in Sweden. **Q**

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**A modern guide to
the Seven Deadly Sins**

Introduction

I don't know who made up the list of the Seven Deadly Sins, probably the same person who made up the list of the Muses, but I can never remember the name of either. However, I can make *love* or *live* either Deadly Sin all the top of my head, usually forgetting Wrath and Pride, the two sins I like to think I have conquered. (Actually, it's not that I've conquered Pride, it's that I don't really believe it's a sin, and if you don't believe me, read *Pride and Prejudice* and tell me if you think there's anything seriously wrong with that young woman.) Anyway, all I want to say is that it's a pretty good list, so let's go, not as good as the Ten Commandments or the original 31 Flavors, but not to be belied, either. Of course, whoever made up the list made a few mistakes: he left off Vagry, which everyone thinks is a

Deadly Sin but isn't, and left out a number of sins that these days people cheerfully admit to in a spirit that falls somewhere between *charms* and *out-and-out bragging*. Besides, if you accuse someone of having a bad case of one of the Deadly Sins—if you call him a *lazy* or *greedy* or a *greedy* son of a bitch or a *bastard*—it doesn't really count for much. I know a man whose last is truly out of control, but that *lying* takes entirely which weighed against his *hulking*, *huzzarung*, arrogant stupidity. Stupidity, now there's a Deadly Sin. I'll tell you what else: checking yourself out in the mirror all the time, giving away the ending of movies, talking in animal voices, breast-feeding at dinner parties, peeing all the almonds out of the tin: I must, breaking a date because something better has come up, and inviting a separate group of people to come after dinner. Well, I'll tell you the worst sin of all: *making lists*. —*Nora Ephron*

A Man of the Sloth

by Jules Feiffer

I am a man of sloth. I am every middle-class parent's nightmare of their child turned parent—unemployed, uneducated, disorganized.

I am a man of bed. Bed is my natural habitat. Proud as my preferred position. Meats is my balsamic. My bedroom as a nightgown, my studio a toaster oven. It lies within striking distance of my bedroom so that work need not involve conflict with appetite. I read only in bed, stretched out, dozing periodically so that my dreams are caught up in my reading matter. Books and papers lie everywhere—around, meant to be read, soon to be read, never to be read—papers on the bed, on the bed table, on the floor, under the bed, way under the bed.

A man of sloth has files of sloth. My files lie in piles atop my shower-filing cabinet. My dining table lies under another litter of books, magazines, papers and more papers, a transistor radio, dajipers, toys—all of which are swept onto the floor when a deadline approaches. Deadlines are met efficiently in order to get back to what counts: my VCR, Top Hat, Skunk, Street in the Arms, last night's St. Ehrenreich.

I am a newspaper and magazine pack rat. The New York Times spreads across my sofa like a cozy weed. It covers half the view from any window. I promise to get it to some day, but for now, one look drives me back to bed.

A man of sloth loves the phone. The phone is somebody who wants you to do something. I have enough things to do. I don't want to add one more to the list.

I hate the mail. I don't read it. I don't know where it

lives it, and once every two months when corporate America, the enemy, threatens to turn off the lights, the phone, throw my laundry out on the streets, I swallow my pride (or phony) and promise to pay (by phone) right away, automatically, if I can only sweeten the bitter deal, if I can only locate my checkbook.

A regular reader of *Esquire* has a magazine across with myself, during which I promise to change. A lie. To a man of sloth the concept of change is less than a joke; it has no meaning.

A little background may be in order here. As a child, nothing came easy. I am a slow study. What wasn't come naturally comes brutally hard. So when the time it last came when I counted cups I easily and accurately upper middle class. I kept on everything hard. I kept trying to balance my checkbook, I kept trying to understand interest rates or capital gains, I forgot arithmetic.

Without inherent wealth, sloth is not easy to maintain. It calls for genius, dedication, and, monthly, hard work. But hard work that I am good at is very good at, and well-practiced play comes back and forth into sloth, with no one left the player the worst. So I put away with it.

The other day a greater friend of mine complained about the short shift he must give his act because of books to be kept, bills to be paid, expense accounts to be filled, letters to be written, phone calls to be made. He avowed my sloth, the suggestion that it is a form of quality control that frees me of the just demands that take over one's life. His rationale for my sloth: as people, sloth is a bit-to-better-than-average, back as the psychic equivalent of a tip stool, sloth is a moral choice. Back to bed.

Giving In to Gluttony

by Wendy Wasserstein

Last night I got into bed with a Dove Bar. I had had a hard day. I needed companionship, an understanding presence, a friend. The ice cream was a little disappointing. But the chocolate coating lived completely up to my expectations and hopes for total fulfillment.

Well, it could have been worse. It could have been unfrozen Sam's Low ice cream, an entire one of Gurney Barm, or guacamole for six. What I congratulate myself on is that I didn't get into bed with my apple, smashed popcorn, or a Wesson high-therm crisp. That would have been inauspicious. I would never leave Wesson camp again. That would be like gluttony.

Gluttony, like any true creative pursuit (or war), is private. These past weeks in the Middle Ages where beauty runs off five pigs with apples in their mouths weren't about gluttony. They were about male bonding for an Ernst Fingertine. As for today's educated dimes, those couples who are regularly recognized at L'Oréal and L'Oréal. Would they go home and get into bed with a perfectly wrapped monkey? Well, L'Oréal depends on what they're into. That doing is a very separate pleasure from gluttony.

Doing, the public ingestion of food, is a controlled social experience. By and large, you have to use a napkin, utensils, and make conversation. Even down-home barbecue etiquette demands that a guest not ride in a bathroom with eight kinds of baby ribs. This would be pretentious. Food, when used as doing out, is only one element of a common pursuit leading to a larger goal. For instance, when a man asks a woman out for dinner, it isn't because he knows that on Friday night he'll want a steak.

As dinner is cooking and food has grown, so has the virtue of doing out ahead, but the into temptation and just watch the moment. Broccoli! Broccoli has exploded! That there is a large six-potato. Who will touch the broccoli first? Will they use

butter? Can we all pretend it isn't here for the entire meal? If I ask the waiter to remove the bread, does it mean I'm wasteful? If I order Porter and don't eat the bread, am I the best person at this table?

Gluttony doesn't involve game playing. It's simple. Ten on empty, 60'er up. Of course, any weight counselor would say: If you're on empty because you're hungry, then great, have an orange. But if you're on empty because you're insecure, lonely, frightened, under too much stress, too little stress, or too shy to use a rational logic, then you must learn, seek a therapist, and start a hobby. Near time you finish a bag of M&M's would be comforting, collect a stamp instead.

Well, last night when I got into bed with a Dove Bar, I wasn't hungry. But I didn't feel like collecting a stamp either. And I didn't want to call a therapist. I wanted peace and quiet and to have a little something. Definitely not an orange. And it's true, if I got into bed with a Dove Bar every night, I probably wouldn't be a very happy girl. I mean, I'm not planning to become Mrs. Dove Bar. But on some nights, and on some good or bad times, there's nothing like a little gluttony.

Lust on Wheels

by Garrison Keillor

In the grocery store, men now stand at the magazine rack thumbing through *Playboy* and *Playboy*, a social slap that shows a never used to be, and the right of them is to see that you, you, you at the dairy case, your hand on a half gallon of 2 percent, and watch them. Some men plant their feet right in front of the porno and open those big crazy magazines wide open down to the staples, and some like to glance through a crack, and others steal a copy of the top and slip it into a New York and read it discreetly a few feet away. All of them work hard not to look over each other's shoulder, like you standing in a line at the bank. They shuffle and clear their throats, and one man to feel compassion for them. And yet, they look a little bit to be as dedicated to masturbation—some of them less than thirty, middle-aged men as a grocery store living in middle class while their wives pick up the check—and then one man who says "hey, hey!" they look down. A magazine giveaway plot of these guys undoes would sell to a very odd audience indeed. They give hell a bad time.

Last is a man, as you're supposed to be struck by it, not go to a store and shop. On a rainy winter night, you get on the 24 to go home, and there on a crowded bus smelling of wet hair you glimpse a girl standing by the back door who pulls her coat close around her and shivers. She is carrying her books against her breast. She pushes a wet strand back from her face and braces herself against a post in the driver's looking hard and you see her while she's looking. And then the driver hits and she shivers out and the engine shivers and the bus starts up and you crouch down and peer through the crowd of coats to catch one more slight picture of her crossing the street, this strange girl who suddenly became the last love of your life. Who knows how it happened? But at least class a minute you get struck by such last you live to sit down because you're not and now. Then you need to think about how to catch all the bus and spend a nice evening with your family. The memory of the girl will burn better than it gets dinner. You will connect from one brief moment a fantastic story about her and you in which she relieves all your stresses, and then sometime you will come back to life and forget her. This is a small taste of lust on wheels. It is a sad, sad end in an occasion when the soul walks to the edge and looks over. When you walk up to the edge of a magazine, you can't see very far.

The Evils of Envy

by William F. Buckley Jr.

Without consulting a moral theologian on the matter, it occurs to me that the palpable reason against envying something as that it can lead to coveting it. And coveting something can lead in turn to aggressive behavior motivated by the desire to acquire that which you would then no longer need to covet, that which you begin by envying.

Are you then safe, my, you envy only Michelangelo, envy his skill? Safe because there is no way you can hurt Michelangelo, and we've just got to assume you aren't going to go out and steal a statue by Michelangelo? So why isn't it always just quiet, placidly, to envy him?

Because envy is gratified by a sort of unrequited psychological desire. If you cannot have Helen of Troy, whose beauty you envy, you reach out for her modern counterpart. And she is safely beyond your acquisitive reach, poor envy may fail to resentment, and little pangs flare in your heart, where the warm glow of jealousy, resentment, and anger glow. If you can't have Marilyn Monroe, look Marilyn Monroe, is an elegant way of putting it. Thus a person's coveting of others' talents, or wealth, or titles, is tempted to be directed to talent, to covetousness, to covetousness. The line between envy and admiration is slender, but it is a Great Wall, and on one side of it is a capital sin, on the other the proximity of spirit that diminishes the number who delight in their neighbor's beauty and success but not his talent from the mother who, envying what she does not have and cannot acquire, divides, or disparages, or despises, and so abhors goodness and excellence.



Leg? What leg?



Hmmm...

The Law of Avarices

by Roy Mount Jr.

With the old money, didn't everybody feel like? It was all about, like, physically having your own money. Literally owning whole things. People would say, "This is my house, tree and car, and we've got \$30,000,000 million!" Can you imagine that? Sitting in all that one copy, and being like?

The new money is about. Having other people's money than that of wealth. True own money, you've got to worry about. Other people's money, they've got to worry about. While you feel it fit you.

What they had back in literature was the old avarice. Avarice is this guy in *The Farmer's Quest* riding on a camel with—picks—picks.

And then, back then, and related when he was.

He was good enough to let his old die.

"Golden rule," pitched up? Who gets about related to—? Least shoes in what I do. The last roller is my neighbor's was replaced by a Brazilian-Malaysian-Philippine product stand, which is hot since it started taking place, but I see the whole block is being leveled for a skyscraper-cumplex. Good thing I didn't get into roller-link-farmers—most can't handle and justice are all that come out.

The old money through leverage was what it took to beat your stuff into the camel. The guy on the camel did a little dance.

Armed money was all the best.

But who wants to be a money anymore? Look where it's

gone to the banks. The key is to be avarice. As a nation, we're being moved by foreign creditors and future generations for the \$2 trillion (not strong dollars, too, not strong dollars) we owe. They, let us separate in just a couple of us together.

How high? To let you have back. Star Wars high. I can't believe these people talking about how Star Wars will still let us make it. What the hell. We're a nation of open arms. What Star Wars is really going to do is let us see it. We're a nation of arms, and we're not. You don't think beyond conditions and future generations are going to spend a little to protect their investment? Nobody's even started thinking about what space is real estate yet. It's just a real estate. It's going to go down, and you don't have to maintain it. I don't know why you couldn't depreciate it. But, okay, say while we're developing outer space a couple of months do get through, do a little dance. You don't think beyond conditions and future generations are going to let a little Marshall Plan on us?

And we jump. Those a concert.

We are the world.

We are the children.

And this is a sin? I'll be. I don't blame us. We can't deal. If foreign creditors and future generations of Americans don't like it, let them do business somewhere else. What are they going to do, besides? How many lawyers have they got?

One thing I would like to see. I'd like a new amendment to the Constitution. To let us see every American who qualifies. (Oh, Senate was just now would be a good one to work out the qualifications) be put to the test. Liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and a golden parachute.

Wrestling with Wrath

by Christopher Durang

Much of modern pop psychology has concerned itself with the individual's right to be angry. I, like many people, feel angry when I express anger, and feel guilty saying no. In fact, if I had and me to this assignment, I might be testing or watching television now rather than trying to write. This is a great thing to write in (which is like a cat's den, but less honored). But my anger, which was already taken by John F. Kennedy's (the last one) So I got wrath.

I thought I might have something to say about wrath, because I am learning more and more to expect to say "appropriate anger." This is a lot of it for my friends, because my newfound need to acknowledge anger means everyone has to go through long discussions with the angering what I think happened, why I think it happened, and why I have a right to be angry.

I also like to think these discussions by having the recipients of my anger acknowledge the wisdom of my having considered them, and then having their minds are, rather calmly, that no, they are not now angry with me for having brought up the whole difficult subject.

I have not, by the way, taken out, but I feel I have "expressed" it as a sort of forced across the country. (Is that a lot of some words I see in the distance, or is that some old looking toward us?)

I've been speaking about anger so far, though, not about wrath.

I think wrath is beyond anger, and writing. It's "expressing an anger." I think it necessary to have you down a fight of wrath, that would be wrath. Usually I'll just enter a long, exhausting letter accusing you of things.

In history, the strongest examples of wrath were mostly the scenes of God. God, especially in the Old Testament,

seems to have had a very bad, very early temper.

He sets up his own centers in paradise and allows them to be tempted to know as much as He does. And then, when they are in, does He respond with a mild (repressed—like taking advantage of paradise forever or something?) Or does He perhaps sit down with them and explain why He had? Would there be have his knowledge, and then take away the anger?

Does God respond in any of these normal let-me-express-my-anger sorts of ways that modern psychology has been teaching me to try? No, the drama will do that.

He tries to tell the people. He tells them and women out of paradise. (and I've seen the pictures of them doing that in the Catholic encyclopaedia of my childhood and changes the world's so that it now has death, disease, penitence—well, you're here, so you know.)

In terms of the myth of creation, this seems to be an angry and out-of-proportion punishment. Anger can create with a sense of justice, I think, but wrath drives justice out the window in its burning path. I think the God of the Old Testament is guilty of wrath—ruthlessness, hate? What about the temper tantrums, throwing about, making the angels forever—and I could bring him up on charges before the Supreme Court or the United States or, well, I would.

Well, I suppose the above description in some believers, but I really do disagree with it, as shown by God and man, and feel I am allowed to express my anger about it—just not my wrath.

The Perils of Pride

by Roger Rosenblatt

Pride grew before a fall, and mine went in the summer of 1964. Ambling with my wife in a casual town, I looked up and read a theater marquee: SO MUCH OF THEM, SO MUCH OF THEM, starring Claude Rains, with Joanne Miles. With Joanne Miles. I expected the wife to be, especially since I knew Joanne Miles at age eleven, that we used to go to the beach riding in Forest Hills, that even then she was the most sophisticated, the most aristocratic of little girls, and who could wonder that she'd grown up to be an actress, and boy would I like to see her again. I did not tell that to my childhood, Joanne's cousin was me. (Belle's of Pippin's speechmaker. That was then, Belle's self, long before I grew into quite a sophisticated, aristocratic specimen myself, and wouldn't Joanne go out to see me now.)

My wife had about as much interest in these reminiscences as she had in my one other (and frequently repeated) childhood story, that of Belle Frothingham, who, in a summer camp show where we were late, sang "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" (though directly at me with the loudest hush eyes). Belle was a sweet girl, but a chaper to Joanne's sedate. Would my wife mind if I saw the play? "No" (oh, dear). I told you no more of So Much of Them, So Much of Them than that. Claude Rains died shortly thereafter, and in passing was generally regarded as contemporary. I, of course, only had eyes for Joanne, who seemed to me perfect in her role—very sophisticated and aristocratic. Would my wife mind our looking for her after the show? "No" (dear).

Then there she was, standing alone in the lobby. There I was, approaching her by stairs. There my wife was, looking back, looking back. "Miss Miles?" I began. "Yes?" she said automatically. "I'm Roger Rosenblatt. Do you remember me?" We used to go to the beach riding in Forest Hills. "Yes," she said with much sophistication. And that was that. A 20-year was nullified before me, but I could only acknowledge something

that fell to the floor of my stomach. It wasn't even. It wasn't glorious, great, rich, or wrath. And it was worse than that.

It was then I began to think about pride, about what a dreadful sin it is because it is essentially passive, it does what it wants to be hurt. The perfect love that for everyone who thinks too well of himself, there is always someone who thinks too little. A come on. Not for me, I don't. If I was never going to be anything but that to Joanne Miles, I would have to be modest and accept the world as it was. Besides, there was always Belle Frothingham.

Early this year, I found myself browsing in an elegant Manhattan luggage shop that, I just happened to recall from thirty-five years ago when I was ten, was owned by one Anthony Frothingham, the father of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." I bought a wallet, a nice brown one, and made pleasant conversation with a tall middle-aged proprietor about that and that and that. Finally, I asked a Mr. Frothingham if I could see the shop. I explained that I used to know his little girl, Belle, and actually that we had sort of been boy and girl friends as a young and innocent way, of course, to his. "The Belle Frothingham," said the tall woman cheerily. "I remember that summer camp very well," she smiled. "But [just when] I did remember you." I indicated that naturally I was of no importance, but it was summer camp with no importance, that marvelous camp, the boys, the ladies. Those, I said, were the things worth recalling, the memories to which one could not give anything but love.

I am considering writing a musical called *So Much of Them, So Much of Love, Belle*, about a proud middle-aged actress who differently makes his own translations. But who would produce such a play? And would she come? □



...on the other hand...



Oh, what the hell!

Is the American soldier *all* that he can be?
Or does this country need a few good samurai?

The Warrior

by George Leonard

America has discovered a new hero, the latest in a lineage that goes back to Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone, to the Lone Ranger and the western cowboy with the fast draw. This new hero, like his predecessors, is always on the side of Right, but not necessarily on the side of the Establishment. Unlike the World War II hero, he is a lone fighter, a cowboy man who through strenuous self-discipline and rigorous training has developed extraordinary skills, which he puts to use with devastating results. He is an elite—blessed with the muscles of a Western body builder and the mind-set of an Eastern martial artist. He is Chuck Norris in *Moving in Mean* and *The Delta Force*, Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Conan*, and Fred Ward in *Apocalypse*. *The Adventurer Begins*. Above all, he is Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky*. *First Blood Part II*.

This is the new American warrior, a man who, lacking the gritty cynicism of a John Wayne or the urbane wit of a James Bond, slaughters criminals and other enemies of the state by the score, cutting through bureaucratic inertia with a stream of machine-gun bullets. This is the warrior as an American revenge fantasy, a vivid dream image of single-minded, unobstructed action that would somehow erase the

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ILLUSTRATION: MARK LEE

illustrations of Vietnam, Iraq, and Lebanon, and set things right once catastrophic outbreaks of blood and gore.

The pulse of Rembo's running beer-charged through the Vietnamese jungle, twirling a huge knife and shooting explosive arrows is a hard imagination, an exercise of the imagination when the subject is as repulsive, but was suggested all sympathetically for the fighting men during the Vietnam war is likely to return to consciousness, perhaps as a nightmare form. But it is more than that. For it challenges us with a fundamental question, one that is particularly difficult in a time and democratic society.

It's not Rembo, who?

It's a question that leads to the very heart of our modern pacifism. For many of us who are dedicated to peace, the very idea of a "good" war is a contradiction. We are haunted by images of armed soldiers in a city square, of innocent people kidnapped, tortured, or made to disappear.

The word "military" can conjure up the word "militarism," and the word "politics" can too easily end with "total."

Still, in this violent and dangerous world, only the most fervent idealists would despise entirely with soldiers and politicians. As the question arises, if not Rembo, who? It is not enough to have people to whom we give the job of making their own lives and democracy, but the lives of others, how are we to deal with them? How are we to think about them? And, beyond that, is there some way that the warrior lives in its best and noblest can contribute to a lasting peace and to the quality of our individual lives during the time of peace?

I approach these questions not as a distant, dispassionate observer, but as one who served in the war, first in the Southwest Pacific in World War II and as an intelligence officer during the Korean War. More recently, I've spent fifteen years studying and practicing a martial art called aikido, one dedicated to harmony, but a martial art nonetheless, with roots that go back to the medieval Japanese samurai. Through my association with this art, I've developed training programs and simulation games designed to predict the warrior spirit in men and women who never want to go to war.

Among the people drawn to these programs, one in particular stands out as having dedicated himself wholeheartedly to the warrior's path. He is Jack Crane, a highly decorated Marine veteran, with two tours of duty in Vietnam. Crane is a thoughtful man who has spent twenty-two years studying the soul of the warrior. He is now in charge of an experimental training program for Army Special Forces troops. He is devoted to world peace. Crane and I have spent countless hours exploring the mysticism, metaphysics that lie beneath the surface of the subject of warriorship.

We don't need the bullet-eating locos of action films. We need military men and women who live by a warrior's code, who are dedicated to peace.

the consciousness of the warrior and destruction, the nucleus of action between violent action and noble character. Jack Crane went to Yale in the early 1950s. He was an All-Ivy League football defensive back and Yale's Most Valuable Player in his senior year. He majored in Latin-American studies, and considered joining the Peace Corps. Most of his friends were going to law school or into their fathers' businesses. Crane was interested in the military, and that was the end of his job interviews. "I decided that what I wanted was a military experience, and for me that meant going to war. I wanted to be in a position where everything was at risk, where you get a chance to make a real impact."

Crane got what he asked for. Early in 1955, after six months of Marine officer school, he landed in a place called Phu Bai in Laos. It was just one day after the first contingent of U.S. Marines landed. "I got all the supplies, got in a jeep, and drove out to where the outbreak was starting up their line. I was met by my company executive officer, who greeted me as a newly arrived platoon commander. He handed me a map, some gear for my jeep, and pointed out toward the horizon. 'Four platoons out there,' he said, 'and you've got an hour to get there before it gets dark.'"

His first major task as a leader came just before the summer monsoon season. It was cloudy and cool that night, and very, very dark. They got to the Vietnamese graveyard at midnight, exactly as planned. The graveyard overlooked a road that the Vietcong used when getting rice from a nearby village. It was a perfect spot for an ambush, and as Crane positioned the twenty-four men he had brought on the mission so that they were in a line parallel to the road, he said to himself that everything was going like clockwork, nothing could go wrong.

Now the men were silent as snatching their weapons, trained on the killing area, aimed the road. Crane started working him, from one end of the line to the other,

saving as quietly as he could in the pitch darkness, pulling his hand on each man's shoulder in turn, making sure that weapons were pointed in the right direction, whispering words of encouragement. He was just three feet from the last man in the line, a machine gunner, just looking out the rearview mirror, just reaching out to touch his shoulder when the inexplicable happened. The machine gunner jumped to his feet in terror, and, almost at the same instant, Crane found himself looking straight into the bright-orange muzzle flashes of AK-47 automatic rifles, less than ten feet away.

They figured it all out later and thanked the odds for his happening that way were about a million to one. A group of Vietcong had picked the same spot for an ambush, and had moved in only minutes after the Marines. The first VC, in fact, had probably bumped into the machine gunner in the darkness, then had raised his gun and fired. At that instant, without thought, Crane dropped to the ground and started firing his rifle in the direction of the muzzle flashes. His rifle also began firing, but most of them, not knowing what had happened, were aiming at the road, not at the Vietcong. The machine gunner lay down a few feet away. Bullets were flying everywhere.

For Crane, it was a moment outside of time. Lying there on the ground firing at the VC as a wall of darkness in only by muzzle flashes, he was briefly tempted to drop his rifle, to analogize in the luxury of unconsciousness. But he rose to his feet, armed at how calm he felt. His commanding sergeant was one of relief at last he was getting a chance to do what he as a leader was supposed to do. He began moving among his men, asking them to stop firing, to switch the flares, to stay calm. He ordered them out to light the scene. And all the time he was doing that, he was stringently, meticulously checked, almost as if he were out of his body. The Marines stayed there until a distant jet was heard, then returned to their base camp. The Vietcong had withdrawn, leaving a trail of blood, but none of their dead or wounded.

The episode in the graveyard—a true story variation on an age-old story—sealed Crane's singular compact with the warrior. What they had learned to expect from a leader had been fulfilled.

Five years later, Crane returned to Vietnam as a captain, a U.S. advisor to a South Vietnamese battalion. And there were more of these moments outside ordinary time, moments of calm and peace of heart, more than enough opportunities to look inside himself in the presence of death. And, for whatever it was worth, there was the wisdom that comes with decisions and words about valor above and beyond the call of duty.

So this, then, what is to be a warrior—to test yourself under fire and pass the

test? For Jack Crane, that was only the beginning. "After my second tour," he said, "I realized it was not in the cards for me to be a quick and glorious death. I was going to live. So after now I going to do about that? How was I going to face myself with that? That was going to be the warrior. I was going to live, and I wanted to live as a warrior. So I figured I'd better start planning to live a good life."

* BEING A WARRIOR WITHOUT A WAR RAISES problems, "said Colonel Bob Meacham in *The Gear Section*. "A man with outward courage dies to live, a man with inward courage dies to live," wrote the Chinese sage Lao-tzu. But where in today's world

do you find guidance for living a good life, much less living as a warrior? Sometimes in unexpected places. Just at the time—the late 1960s and early 1970s—when America's privileged young people were despising the warriors who fought in Vietnam, there were people were really reading the books of Carlos Castaneda. And if there is any one theme that runs through these books, it is that life is best lived, every instant of it, as a warrior.

In 1953, Castaneda, an anthropology student, became the apprentice of a Yupa Indian shaman named Don Juan Matus, who lived in the northern Mexican desert. His books, which include *The Teachings of Don Juan*, *A Separate Reality*, and *Tales of*

Power, describe the adventures and ordeals of his apprenticeship.

To become a "man of knowledge," Don Juan tells Castaneda, it is necessary to be a warrior. A warrior is not one who goes to war or kills people, but rather one who achieves integrity in his actions and controls over his life. The warrior's courage is unshakable, but even more important are his will and patience. He lives every moment in full awareness of his own death, and, in light of this awareness, all complaints, regrets, and needs of sadness or melancholy are seen in foolish perspectives.

Don Juan's warrior paradigm power and acts strategically in order to achieve self-mastery. "The spirit of a warrior is not

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Cartagena's notion of the warrior-man with ancient echoes. Almost every culture has had its own version of an ideal warrior's code. It exists in its purest form, among peoples we call primitive—American Indians, African tribesmen. It has often been honored in the breach, especially in the mid-twentieth century. By the mid-twentieth century, it remains an ideal to be realized, a guide to living that might prove useful in today's complex and warring world.

The warrior's code achieved a particularly vivid realization in Japan between 1600 and 1867. It was there, during the largely peaceful Tokugawa shogunate, that bushido, "the way of the warrior," came into full flower. Under bushido, the Japanese samurai spent long hours in the mastery of his martial skills, but also tenaciously to perfect such things as his courtesy, swordsmanship, and the composition of poetry, ink-wash painting and self-development was a central element, as in other warrior codes. In masters of loyalty, honor, courage, and justice in the bushido, the code was demanding and unyielding. Courtesy for the samurai meant an integration of physical and moral bravery, based on severity in moments of danger. Martial ferocity was tempered by an exquisite sense of courtesy, which led to a harmony of mind and body and harmoniousness, which was seen as composed of magnanimity, affection, love, and compassion.

In bushido, as in Don Juan's teachings, the warrior's life was shaped by his awareness of death. "The sign does not stand and remain to the warrior," wrote Dostoevsky in the nineteenth-century *Prison of Dostoevsky*, "is that of death, which he ought to have before his mind day and night, night and day, from the dawn of the first day of the year and the last minute of the last day of it." Think of what a hard thing life is, especially that of a warrior. This being so, you will come to consider every day of your life your last and dedicate it to the fulfillment of your obligations."

HE MIGHT NOT REMEMBER US AS FIGHTING A WARRIOR. He is a man of modern thought, from the age. He wears glasses and has a mustache, and the graciously twenty look about him might make you guess that he is an university professor. Donald Levine is in fact, a graduate of sociology and history of the College at the University of Chicago. He is also a dedicated martial artist. He'd want to meet him ever since reading a

short version of his article, "The Liberal Arts and the Martial Arts," in *The New York Times*, and the complete article in the journal *Liberal Education*.

Levine's article, I thought, went a long way toward clarifying the role of the warrior in a free society. I, I, he defines the concept in including education that is not taken for self-discovery, allowing that events essentially for its own sake rather than for some utilitarian purpose. Liberal education, according to Levine, first emerged as two ideas in culture, those of classical Greece and China. In both of these cultures, such education was considered the highest human activity. And, though a might seem strange at first in today's academic climate, it included the cultivation of combat skills as well as intellectual skills. In both the East and the West, in other words, the martial arts and the liberal arts arose together, and were equally revered.

In the centuries that followed, this dual view of the liberal arts of culture and the education of the intellect were at times corrupted and put to narrow and exploitative uses. But during certain creative moments in history—for example, when the Buddhist monk Bodhidharma introduced Chan (Zen) Buddhism and the founder of Shinto temple housing to China in the sixth century A.D.—the liberal education of both body and mind has flourished.

After reading his article, I arranged a meeting with Levine. We talked for an hour so as to say his words. Then drove to the dojo (martial arts school) and changed into our training uniforms. As I stepped on the mat, I felt like I was in the world of words that so often entangle people in pretense and misunderstanding. It is not that the mat is more rigorous than the world of martial discipline, but rather that it is absolutely rigorous. The mat is the world under a magnifying glass, where every action creates its unambiguous consequences, and precision is simply part of the equation. Levine and I took turns striking and throwing, and in a matter of minutes knew more about each other, at a deeper level, than we had known in an hour of talk. For my part, I was struck by Levine's powerful determination to be unambiguous. With that, we went readily apparent in conversation. After class, we walked from an hour and a half of vigorous training, we went to dinner and continued our discussion of his ideas, but with an ease and camaraderie that had been beyond belief.

What about now? I asked him. Do the martial arts have anything significant to offer late-twentieth-century Americans?

"Yes, I can see this as a time when the body and mind are being reawakened, a time when the liberal arts can reach a great deal of the martial arts. This is true, of course, only when the martial arts are practiced primarily for mastery of their intricately beautiful forms and for self-

Vice Capades

How a mild-mannered reporter from the Midwest traded in his navy blazer for a sixty-second shot at fame and fortune

by Bob Greene



My flight arrived in Miami just after 8:00 p.m. I took a cab to the Alexander Hotel on Miami Beach. The Alexander is the headquarters for the Miami Vice television show. I was in town to play a cameo role in a newspaper reporter. I had never acted before.

I checked in at the first desk, dropped my suitcase in my room, and then rode the elevator down to the Miami Vice production offices on the fourth floor. Pat's West, an associate producer, took me back to his room and said, "We'd better get you to work now."

I was wearing jeans, a blue shirt, a brown knit tie, a dark-blue sport coat, and a watch. We walked into a large suite of rooms. Lynette Bernay, a wardrobe woman, said, "But we're going to wear jeans on Miami Vice."

"I know that," I said. Did she think I was stupid? "I have another pair of pants up in my room."

"What kind of pants?" she said.

"Brown corduroys," I said.

She shook her head. "Sorry," she said. "No earth tones." She led me into the complex of rooms where the Miami Vice costumes were kept. I had never seen anything quite like it. The first section I ran into contained two—ones ran together that I had never witnessed in my life. There were lime-green ties, and pink ties, and navy ties, and light-blue ties, and single-yellow ties, and ties with birds on them.

Beyond the tie were shirts and jackets and pants and dresses—all in the same dazzling array of pastel shades. The clothing stretched on as far as the eye could see. At one end of the room was the shoe department. Rows now of long shelves, all displaying men's shoes. There were, in rows, gray shoes, pink shoes—and the kinds of shoes you would never wear at the office world.

But I was not in a celebrating club of Riquan magazine. The latest look in Vice magazine. The Vice of Bob Greene (Miami Vice)



Lynette Bernay pointed out one pair of shoes to me. "Phil Collins wore those on the show," she said.

We walked past a rack of jackets with the sleeves rolled up, and came into yet another room. Lynette, motioning ahead of her, said, "This is Phil."

I assumed that I was going to meet Philip Michael Thomas, who costars as Ricardo Tubbs in the television show. But what she was showing me was not Philip himself—it was a wall of clothes that Philip wears on the show.

"Everything that Philip wears is double-breasted," she said. "He has beautiful eyes and skin. He looks good in blues and greens."

I looked at the clothes, and did not see much. I saw Thomas wear some of them on Miami Vice.

"And this is Don," Lynette said. She motioned toward an opposite wall. There were all T-shirts and baggy white pants and brown jackets, all to be worn by Don Johnson, who plays Sonny Crockett on the show.

"Don comes clothes beautifully," Lynette said.

"Comes clothes?" I said.

"Wears them," Lynette said.

Now, supposedly, it was time to select my wardrobe. We went on our way out of Don and Phil's room when there was a photo call for Lynette. It was just an extra who had been called to report to the set in the morning.

"No, you shouldn't wear that," Lynette said into the mirror. She said her next words as if she had acted them a hundred times before. "No earth tones. No reds, no pinks, no browns, no oranges, no yellows."

She hung up the phone and we left the room. "Let me turn out the light," she said. "It looks like clothes."

We were back in the big room with the rest of the clothes again. "We're going to give you a tip look," Lynette said.

"I'm really not very big," I said.

"On Miami Vice, everybody is big," she said.

She started picking out clothes for me. 10:05 a.m. As she lifted the pants and shirts and jackets from the racks, she talked through me. She started selecting for me—suits, ties, shirts, slacks, little rope belts, cashmere sweaters—and said, "Here, give me a hand." She presented me with the clothes she couldn't carry. This whole thing felt like going shopping with your mother in the weekend department store in the world.

Finally Lynette went through the clothing she had picked out, and gave me some advice to try on in a dressing room. After some back and forth, she had me in what she wanted: a pink shirt, a silver tie, a dark-blue jacket, a gray two-toned pony shoes, and a gray and pink European-style jacket.

"Perfect," she said.

She took some measurements and said that the clothes would be altered to fit me overnight, and would be waiting for me on the set in the morning. As I was leaving, I noticed some thing on a table.

It was a Polaroid photograph. When I had first walked into the wardrobe department, a man had been looking at it. He had said, "Pretty girl. Kind of thin, but very pretty."

I picked up the photograph. It was some human being in the picture. Just some woman's clothing, displayed on a hanger against a wall.

I took the elevator back to my room. I had been given a script, this particular episode of Miami Vice was titled "Zero Solution," and was about a whole blue-riddle experience. Central American poet who had come to the United States, and who was the target of a death squad. Crockett, Tubbs, and the rest of the Miami Vice characters had been assigned to protect him.

My scene was to take place at a conference of Miami International Airport. As the plot was wheeled down the corridor, I was supposed to be a reporter who approached him and asked him a series of questions. Crockett and Tubbs would be trying to get him away from him. Finally we would end up in a crowd of other reporters, infiltrating the crowd would be Bianca Jagger, who was playing a member of the death squad.

I read the script. Outside my window, the water lapped against the shore. This seemed to be a long way from real life.

At 8:40 the next morning, I waited in the lobby of a condominium called Seacrest Towers East for a Miami Vice van to pick me up and take me to Miami International Airport for the filming. Several other actors were to go in the van also.

Anastasia Marie Yarnal Borgas, who was playing the captain's daughter, sat on a bench inside the lobby, studying her lines. "What time is your pickup?" she said to me. We were like commuters waiting for the bus to take us to work.

The van arrived right as time, driven by a man named Guido, who proudly referred to himself as "the wheels of Vice." We

drive along Arthur Godfrey Road, and then through the back runway area at the airport, where we were escorted by a security car. Finally we ended up at an enormous wall of trailers, motor homes, and mobile dressing rooms, all a part of the show's traveling unit.

I walked up the stairs of a boarding tunnel, and then into Concourse D of the airport, large areas which had been blocked off for the day's shooting. Here men were lugging equipment around, setting up lights, moving over concrete into place.

I was surprised to see, standing in the center of the isolated sections, Edward James Olmos, who plays Laramie. Olmos was on the show. He looked the same as the Cuban Miami Vice—brooding, serious, unsmiling. He was dressed in the trademark dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie that he wears on the show. None of the other stars had appeared yet, their parts were at least an hour away.

I introduced my self to Olmos and asked him why he was on the set so early.

"I like to get here early," he said. "Just to get a feeling for what's going on. Just to get a sense with the crew."

"If I didn't come early, I wouldn't know what was happening out here. It's like getting up and stretching before you run. It may be easier to show up at the last minute, but this is what it's all about. See all these guys lying the cable? I'm doing the same thing. I have to lay my own cable down before I do my work."

A production assistant with a walkie-talkie in his hand told me that I should go back outside and get into my costume. He led the way. We went to a trailer that was marked with the title of one of the characters who would be appearing in the episode later in the day: *Stuntman*.

"You can use this until she gets here," he said.

I went into the trailer and began putting on the clothes I had been fitted for the night before. A wardrobe man opened the door and pointed me. As I stepped out the electric-blue pants on and was tying the gray two-tone shoes, he said, "What are those socks?"

I looked down. "They're my socks," I said.

"But they're black," he said.

"All my socks are black," I said.

"You don't wear black socks with gray shoes," he said. He disappointed, and in a few moments returned with a pair of gray socks.

I went back up to the airport concourse. Stuntman's bodyguard, who plays one of the female detectives on the show, was saying to an assistant director, "Where are the chairs?"

"The chairs aren't up here yet," he said. He pointed over to Blanca Jagger, who was

squatting on the floor. "You'll just have to sit on the floor and your scene."

"There are no chairs!" Stuntman said. "Where," the assistant director said. "Not even Don's chair!" Stuntman said. "Not even Don's chair," the assistant director said.

Someone walked up to me, and I realized that it was Philp Michael Thomas. He was all dressed up in white, in a double-breasted light-blue suit with a dark-green shirt and a cravat-patterned tie.

"Do you know about a place in Ohio where farmers are supposed to come back every year?" he said.

I didn't know quite how to respond.

"Buzzaard," he whispered. "I heard that they come back to the same town on the same day every year."

I said I was afraid I didn't have the answer for him.

"I have to find out about these buzzaards," he said.

Don Johnson walked into the concourse accompanied by a bodyguard. He wore baggy white cotton pants, a soft purple shirt, an unbuttoned jacket, sunglasses, and cowboy boots with no socks. He went over to Blanca Jagger to talk, and immediately an on-set appeared with a director's chair stashed in with Johnson's name. Without really looking to see if it was there, he dropped back onto the chair.

Philp Michael Thomas was still wandering around the area, so I approached him and confessed that I had never acted before. I asked him if he had any tips.

"Just breathe," he said.

"I don't think I understand."

"Just take a deep breath and go for it," he said.



As a Miami Vice dresser, Lyndee Berryman must lay down the law with Olmos. No socks, no shoes, no sunglasses, no concourse.

he said. "It just like, do you think about breathing? No. You just do it. So don't think about breathing. Just breathe. The show, with everything else you're supposed to do."

"I used to write down everything. If I thought I should pull my ear during a scene, I would write that down on the script. All I thought I should cross my legs, I would write it down on the script. It took me a while to figure out that that wasn't necessary. Even the mistakes are all right. If you make a mistake, it might look natural on film."

I asked him if you were supposed to change your voice when you acted. Were you supposed to try to sound like someone else, or were you just supposed to use your own voice?

"Does my voice sound like Tubb's voice to you now?" he said.

"I don't know," I said.

"What do you mean, you don't know?" he said.

"Well, I suppose it does," I said. "Is it the same voice?"

"No," he said. "Tubb's voice is a little different than Philp's voice. Tubb's voice has more of an edge to it. But don't think about your voice. That'll just make you afraid. Fear is the biggest thing that takes you away from what you might accomplish. Don't think about your voice. Just breathe."

The crew was filming a scene in which Blanca Jagger arrives at the airport. I was watching, and I felt someone's hand on my back. I turned around, and it was Don Johnson.

"Who did you make?" he said.

"I don't know," I said. "Some guy down in the trailer. What?"

"He should be fired," Johnson said.

He laughed. "Just kidding, just kidding," he said. "You'll be fine."

I asked him the same thing I had asked Thomas: Were there any tips he could give me about acting?

"Just don't hang onto the furniture, and make sure you find out what new tech is."

"If you learn that two things, not only can you be an actor, you can be a Technician."

I flipped through my script. The filming was divided into so many small segments—it didn't seem necessary for the actors to learn very many lines at the same time. The thing I had always wondered about actors is how they managed to memorize all that dialogue. The way Don Johnson's script was sliced up, it seemed that there wasn't much of a maximum involved. It was almost as if they could study the lines right before the scene and then, upon their cue, and then forget them forever.

Johnson was still sitting in his cowboy chair. Blanca had walked away to do her



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scene, and now he was alone. He looked very tired. I asked him about it.

"I need about six and a half or seven hours of sleep a night," he said. "That's the minimum for me. But I end up getting only four and a half or five."

I had been told that sometimes the shooting day for *Miami Vice* began at 5:30 A.M. and continued past midnight. I wondered what the long-term effects of that kind of schedule were.

"I saw a picture of myself that was taken last year," Johnson said. "Compared to the way I look this year, it looked like my high school graduation photo. In a couple more years, I'll be able to play Gaby Hayes roles."

I walked over to see how the Banes Jagger scene was coming. John Nicodemi, the episode's director, said to me: "I give you your last night before we shoot your scene."

There were already some lines in the script for me to ask the expatriate poet. I had learned them.

"Yeah, but I want to change them," Nicodemi said. "Don't worry. It won't be hard."

Inexplicably, a fight arrived in the scenario. Everyone had been under the impression that the area was reserved for *Miami Vice* use only. But here came a phalanx of passengers, carrying suitcases and garment bags. They appeared stunned. Here, at the end of their flight, were Senny Cratchit, Ricardo Tubbs, Lieutenant Castillo, and about a hundred crew members. They seemed toward the baggage-claim area with numb, jaded expressions on their faces.

John Nicodemi was blocking out the scene in which the expatriate poet was shocked off the set into the airport. The stand-ins for Johnson and Thomas were taking their places as the camera angle was set, the stage would run into the set at the last minute.

"Let's sit down over here," Johnson said to me. "I've been on my feet all week." We walked over to a row of chairs where departing passengers usually sit.

I asked Johnson often he saw *Miami Vice*.

"Almost never," he said. "To shoot the first scene, and then they send me to California to be killed, and then it goes on the air. At 10:00 on Friday nights we're usually still shooting, so I don't see the finished product. That's all right. I have a pretty good feel for how the show's going to look."

I said I thought that too curious—of all the camera operators in the United States who watch *Miami Vice*, Don Johnson was not among them. Without any asking, he opened into a topic that had remained unspoken: how the show, which was so widely praised during its first season, had been

increasingly knocked by some critics during its first season—even while the audience ratings were rising dramatically.

"All this talk about the scripts being illiterate, and the show being on the slide,"

he said. "Look, if you want a nice, safe show, turn to *T.J. Hooker*. You'll get the same thing every week."

"I think most of our shows are all right. Sure, we've made some mistakes. But last year the press dubbed us as the fading messiah of television, and all that time we never said we were accepting anything new. We were just being contemporary."

"I know why we're getting all these knockers. If you're in a newspaper culture, and a magazine culture, and you're being asked to write about *Miami Vice*, what do you say? Do you say, 'All right? No, you say, 'Later, undoubtedly, you go and bring me back some negative stuff about *Miami Vice*.'"

"I defy anyone to make twenty-two or twenty-three shows in a row, week after week, and be great every time. What do they expect out of us? *Gone with the Wind* every week? *Apocalypse Now* every week? We are doing a weekly television show."

Edward Olson walked up and joined as Johnson was still talking. "We made it unacceptable to shoot only six for television," he said. "When you're reaching for new heights— you must sometimes, for cost, take a lot of things that aren't quite as good as your best a few times. Because of the success of the show, any mistake you might make is magnified twenty million times."

I said that, for me, this was the first time being in such an atmosphere.

"We'll probably have to go into therapy after that," Johnson said.

"I'll tell you one thing," Olson said. "It will never be as glamorous."

I watched a few more scenes being filmed. Peter Kemp, the associate producer who had ordered me to the wardrobe department the night before, looked me up and down, smiled, and said, "Now you're *Vicod* out."

As I was sitting and watching the film, John Dahl, who plays Zed, one of the Havana-oriented detectives who generally appear in the "Ragdoll" scenes, and he knew what I was going through.

"It's tough sitting around all day waiting to do a small part," he said. "I don't wish it all the time. You tend to lose your energy at the day wears on, and then when they finally call you for your scene, you already feel wiped out. The thing to remember is that the only moments that count are the moments when you're in on camera. They're only a few moments out of the day, but they're the moments you're here for. So when the time comes, get your energy up and then just be yourself."

Nicodemi called a lunch break. Everyone walked down to a covered area near the

terrace; long tables had been set up, and a catering service was getting out a buffet meal. A few yards away, an Eastern Airlines jet was parked in the hot, bright sun.

I was too nervous to eat anything. I looked at the people at the tables—cast, crew members, technicians—and sitting among them, still in his dark Lieutenant Castillo suit, was Edward Olmos.

There was an empty chair next to him, and I asked him if he minded if I sat down. He motioned for me to go ahead. I said that I was surprised to see him eating out here with everyone else. Don and Philip were nowhere in sight.

"Don and Philip have their own motor homes," he said. There was no lettuce or onion in his race, there was no crabon at all. For that one moment, he might as well have been Castillo.

After lunch it was time to film a few more short scenes, and then my scene. We went up to another level of the airport, where a metal detector and customs tables had been set up for the filming. Later, usually everything else on the set, the detector and the tables had been imported for the *Miami Vice* look. They were both now again and white.

A man named Brian Lages, twenty-five, was waiting around. He was Don Johnson's stand-in, his job was to take Johnson's place while every scene was prepared for filming. I had seen him do this before lunch, and I asked him how he had happened to get the job.

"I worked as an extra on *Vice* last season," he said. "This year they offered me the job as Don's stand-in. They said that I was about Don's height, and my hair was the same color as his hair. Don had to approve me for the job, so he looked me over and said I could do it."

I went upon my knees, of course. Don shook his head, it was his fate, and if it's a stand scene he has a stand double to do that. But I've learned a lot just being on the set every day. I'd know to follow in Don's footsteps. He laughed. "Maybe they'll be giving me an Emmy in 1992."

I asked him what people said when they found out what he did for a living. "Well, first I tell them that I work on *Miami Vice*, and they think that's great," he said.

"Then they ask me what my job is. And when I tell them that for Don Johnson's stand-in, they don't believe me. No one ever does."

I heard John Nicodemi yelling: "All of this is history," he said, knowing that the just-filmed scene was completed. "Let's move on."

He looked over at the again-and-white metal detector. "I want the machine to come," he said, and immediately workmen carried it away.

Now it was time. Nicodemi called me



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and. "The poet is going to be wheeled into the courtroom," he said. "You stay up to him and say, 'Mr. Sundow, how long will you be in Miami?' He'll answer you. The chair will still be rolling, but you'll move with it—stick close to the chair, even though Don will be trying to keep you back. After the poet answers, ask him another question. Say, 'And then you go back to your own country?' He'll answer again, and by this time you'll be in a crowd of other reporters, and then, Bianca will say her lines."

We alternated through a couple of times. It was so strange—a day before I had been walking around Chicago in the snow, and now here I was pushing past Don Johnson at Miami International Airport, saying, in a voice that suddenly sounded very foreign to me, "Mr. Sundow, how long will you be in Miami?"

Bryce Piven, the actor who was playing Sundow, the magazine poet, went over my lines with me several more times. Bianca Jagger and the other actors who were playing reporters gathered in the spot where we were supposed to end up. They nodded and said, "Let's do it with practice"—with camera rolling.

Intellectually I knew it was stupid to be nervous, but I couldn't help it. An instant before the camera rolled, I was in front of the camera, and Nicoletta instructed me to walk down the concourse, where Johnson, Thomas, Olmos, and the other Miami Fly regulars were wheeling Bryce Piven toward me.

I approached them with notebook in my hand. I slipped past Johnson and he threw a curious look at me—making it look as if he were trying to stop me from getting to the man in the wheelchair, but giving me plenty of space to get by.

"Mr. Sundow," I said in a loud voice, "how long will you be in Miami?" We were moving forward rapidly. I walked between, staying as close to the wheelchair as I could. "Just a visit," Bryce Piven said in a Central American accent. "Then I go to Washington."

We were getting closer to the clump of other "reporters." I said to Piven, "And then you go back to your own country?" "Never!" Piven said. "I never go back and the death squads die, and we have free elections!"

We were in the midst of the others. As soon as Piven had finished answering my question, Bianca Jagger leaned forward with a microphone in her hand and said, "How does it feel to be free?"

Piven looked her straight in the eye, and, with a little in his voice, "Beautiful!" Bianca, as a seductive woman, said, "I would like to talk with you at greater length."

Piven said, "My dear, I'm all yours. Come to my reception. At the museum!" And the Johnson and Thomas cleared the way for the wheelchair to move through

the crowd. It happened so fast, and I was startled when the cameraman said he had got it all. We didn't have to do the take over. I was a little disappointed. I was having fun.

Nicoletta directed us to stand in the same positions we had seen in other Price had wheeled off my second question. He wanted to get close-ups of everyone, and then to notify Bianca Jagger and Bryce Piven as to make their exchange. So the rest of the shoot/first, getting ready for the same shots.

I noticed Philip Michael Thomas standing directly across from me, on the other side of the wheelchair. "How do you feel?" he said. "I don't know," I said. "You know," he said. "I love it," I said. He walked.

As the close-up shots were filmed, Nicoletta said to me, "Say 'Thank you, Mr. Sundow,' and then Bianca will ask her question." That made me happy. I would have something else to say. But as we rehearsed it, it became clear that the phrase didn't work. It made more sense for Bianca to ask her question immediately after Bryce Piven had answered my first question. "Thank you, Mr. Sundow!" would only slow things up.

I tried to hide my disappointment. This was ridiculous. After hours up I had been only at the scene thought of appearing on Miami Fly. Now I was actually being a bit of a two-faced instead of three.

The next scene consisted of Bryce Piven, in the wheelchair, being pushed through a crowd of enthusiastic supporters. Don Johnson leaned against the wall while Brian Logan stood in for him during rehearsals.

"What do you think?" I said to Johnson. "Should I change careers?" "Did you ever hear the story about the old man whose job it was to shovel up the elephant shit at the circus?" he said. "Every morning and every night, the man shoveled up the elephant shit. Year after year after year. Finally one of his friends said to him, 'Why don't you quit?'" "And the old man said, 'What? And give up show business?'"

Now we were setting up for another shot. Bryce Piven, who is a little taller, was still in the wheelchair, waiting for directions.

"You know," he said to me, "I've been an actor on the stage for more than thirty years. I think I've done well. I've won my share of awards, and I've had my share of critics."

"But now, all of a sudden my dignity is at stake. They're a completely excited. They're all very impressed with me, as a

say I have been hit badly. Why is that? Because I am working on Miami Fly, in proximity to Don Johnson. It gives me a very peculiar feeling."

There were some logistical problems setting up the next scene, so I took a rest in one of the airport chairs. Brian Logan, the Don Johnson stand-in, and "Excuse me, but could I talk to you for a minute?" "Sure," I said, and he sat down next to me.

"You asked me about how I got the job," he said. "I didn't give you the whole answer."

I waited for him to say something else. "Do you remember the name Christopher Walker?" he said. "I remember vaguely, neither, and it is a moment I thought of. I. Walker had been the race-car driver who had gone on a cross-country murder spree in 1984, capturing and killing young women as he fled from law authorities."

"Yes, I remember Walker," I said. "Well," Logan said. He hesitated for a second and then said, "He killed my wife."

We were looking at each other and I had absolutely no idea what to say. "Her name was Barbara," he said. "We were living in Oklahoma at the time. He abducted her from a shopping mall in Oklahoma City. They found her body in Kansas. After that I didn't want to stay in Oklahoma any longer, so I moved down here to Miami."

All around us the technicians were setting up the lights and cameras for the popular drama about crime and punishment. Logan and I sat there together, saying nothing.

The next scene involved Bianca Jagger talking to a member of the death squad. Their conversation would be in the background of the shot. In the background, far down the concourse, would be Bryce Piven who is wheelchair, Don Johnson, Philip Michael Thomas, Edward Olmos, myself, and the other actors who were playing reporters.

The real action was going on between Bianca and the death squad men. We were present almost automatically. We were just hanging out, and I was to give the audience the barely noticeable cue as to when Bianca was plotting to kill the Bryce Piven character, so we were still in the airport.

We were no longer wearing movie-plots, it didn't matter what we said or did. We stood together at the end of the concourse, and I was gagged. Here was Don Johnson, here was Philip Michael Thomas, here was Edward Olmos, and it was like the end of a long day at the office. They were just hanging out there, needed but not needed, waiting for the clock to say it was time to leave.

"Hey, John," Johnson yelled down the

corridor to Nicoletta. "You can't even see me. Let me go home!" But Nicoletta said they were still filming Bianca's dialogue, so we kept standing there until the scene was completed.

That was it for the airport. The next scenes were to be shot in a dance setting that had been constructed at Greenway Studios, the North Miami production facilities that are used in much of Miami Fly's interior filming.

I went down to the trailer to change out of my parka, blouse, and gray clothes. By this time the actress whose role was referred to in the script as Myra had arrived. She was a pretty young blond woman who would have a part in the dance scene. She left the trailer so that I could get undressed and put my old clothing back on.

I did so in a hurry, leaving the Miami Fly guys for the wardrobe people to pick up. I was told Bryce Piven, Bianca Jagger, a few other actors, and myself to Greenway Studios. There, waiting for us, were about fifty men and women—extra dancers who'd be in the dance filming. They had been waiting outside since 2:00 in the afternoon, now it was 7:00 at night.

One mother, a nurse, had brought her daughter, who appeared to be about eight, so that the daughter could appear in the dance scene. The mother did not want to leave the daughter alone with the Miami

Fly crew; she was a very protective woman, and she did not think it appropriate for her daughter to be seen surrounded by the Miami Fly crew.

Inside the studio, John Nicoletta was up with the way the dance had been designed. He took one look at it, and demanded that great portions of it be re-designed. This meant that the extras, who had already been waiting for five hours, would have to wait for many hours more.

There were some predictions that the dance filming would not end until sometime between midnight and 3:00 a.m. The mother was due at her job at a hospital at 6:00 a.m. But she did not leave her daughter alone; she stayed with her. Even if the mother would get no sleep tonight, this was clearly very important. Her daughter had a chance to be in the background of Miami Fly. They stood together, waiting.

By about 10:00 p.m., the filming had started on Sound Stage 18. The extras were dancing to the recorded music of a band, the band members were outside, mouthing the words to their songs and pretending to play their instruments. Nicoletta instructed the extras to keep dancing and the band to keep "playing," even when the music stopped; the silence would give Bryce Piven a chance to exchange his lines with the actress called Myra, and then the background music would be added again to

the sound track later. So there was a crowd of people, their feet clashing against the wooden floor, clashing in a binary to the sound of no music. An equipment cart, out of camera range, bore a sticker that said **WE HATE OUR JOB HERE**.

I watched for a while and then started wandering around the studio. I spotted a couple of doors, and suddenly found myself on Sound Stage 18.

This, it unexpectedly became clear to me, was the set where the detective-squad-room shots on Miami Fly were filmed. There were the desks where Crockett and Tubbs always sat, and there was Lieutenant Castillo's office. All of the lights in the big studio were turned off, and no one else was in the room.

I flipped on a light switch and illuminated part of the squad room. I sat down at one of the detective desks. A production assistant had given me a set of forms to fill out, so the squad room I started going through them and writing down the required information. On the top of one of the pieces of paper were the words **ACTRESS'S STATUS**—now I mean because I was a contract.

I signed the contract in the appropriate places. I knew the dance scene was still going full-speed on Sound Stage 18, but I decided to go back to my hotel. I could catch a flight out in the morning; somewhere out there the real world was waiting. ☐

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Ed

the Ordinary

by Sanford J. Ungar

The political résumé of the Attorney General of the United States

Oakland, California—In the grand tradition of the Blues, Ramsey Hood, a glibly poised and redemptive in a neighborhood of penitentiaries and penitentiaries, now joins on the side of San Francisco Bay, some five hundred people are gathered to raise \$100,000 for the Alameda County chapter of the American Heart Association. The keynote speaker for the black-tie gala is Una Lay Clark, and although she speaks bravely of her late husband Ramsey's extra weeks of life with an artificial heart, it is not her story that has drawn Oakland's upper-middle-class (initially) there) out on a Wednesday evening. They are here to see the winner of the association's annual Best Bay's Best award—a hometown boy who is introduced by the head of the Portridge College Company as "the number-one lawyer in the United States and also a great American." Attorney General Edwin Meese III.

After a "healthy heart" dinner of broiled salmon, Meese will be offered for his "cassius devotion to his family and his city." Most politicians would consider this a routine, obligatory local event, but not Meese: on his way to accept his plaque, cheeks flushed, his wire-rimmed glasses slightly pushed off his face by a broad grin, he is clearly touched. "Whatever I may do in public service," he says, "I could only follow the example set for me by my father and mother.... I'm proud to be a native of Oakland... and grateful for the friends I've had a chance to see tonight." No hard-edged politician here, no touting of the

American Civil Liberties Union, the Supreme Court, or even the Soviet Union. This is a night for sentimentality, a chance for one of the most controversial men in the country to show his "great feeling of brotherly and gratitude."

"Ed likes to come back and do local stuff," explains Jack McHenry, the district attorney of Alameda County. "He really builds it in." Indeed, Meese would return in just ten days to speak to a group of Air Force Reservists. Although his wife Ursula is off in Bulgaria inspecting a UNBSC (United Nations Blueprints for Security) committee, he is confirmed itself since America's withdrawal,

Secretary of the United States National Public Affairs Alliance (USNPA), is dean of the School of Communications at the American University in Washington, D.C.

most of his family is here: his recently widowed eighty-two-year-old mother, Louise, his handicapped brother, Myron; his brother George, director of the California Department of Motor Vehicles; and George's wife, Della, who is black.

Ed Meese has not actually lived in Oakland since 1952, when he left to join Ronald Reagan in Sacramento, but it is still where he is most comfortable. And it is no wonder: despite the badgering he has taken in Washington, events like these confirm that he is still beloved in his hometown. Meese has a particular need for such reaffirmation just now, says one friend privately. He has enjoyed some influence, and even a little power, but not much happiness. His thirteen-year-old son died in an automobile accident just after his first year of college. Meese's eighty-eight-year-old father, a longtime local officeholder in Oakland, could not understand "what happened to Ed in Washington" and had died twelve months before 1985 after suffering his own integrity questioned on television.

How reassuring, then, to be in this crowd of blacks and whites, Democrats and Republicans, all willing to accept Meese as the man he believes himself to be: a solid citizen who attends a weekly Bible study group, phones his mother every Sunday, and is tolerant of others. "This man has no guile," says Democrat Stanley Gold, speaker on the Alameda County superior court and an old Meese crony, as he marvels at the difference between the Meese he knows and the Meese he reads



Attorney General Edwin Meese III

about "the scripts people. If you're a friend of Ed's, he'll go to the wall for you."

Ed Meese, to many Americans, is a fairly, moderate ideologue—a man opposed to progress on civil rights and unpopular of identifying with the establishment, a man who wants to remake America by

stocking the courts and the executive branch with people just like himself. The next day, on a cross-country flight from San Francisco to Boston, where he was to attend an "executive policies" seminar at Harvard, Meese conducted his unapologetic stance. "Some of this is simple distortion," he said. "In many cases, the

press just doesn't understand the complexities I am talking about... and then you have in Washington some people who are constantly engaged in a power struggle, whether there is any need for one or not."

Meese has never needed to struggle for power himself, his good friend and mentor, Ronald Reagan, did it for him. At fifty-

Hot New Colors, Six Cool Guys

by Kim Johnson Gross
and John Mather

It's the season that comes between summer and autumn and offers the best of both. It's the season in need of a look of its own: the colors of June with the fabrics of fall. At its best, as the men on these pages make clear, it's the season of hot and of cool.



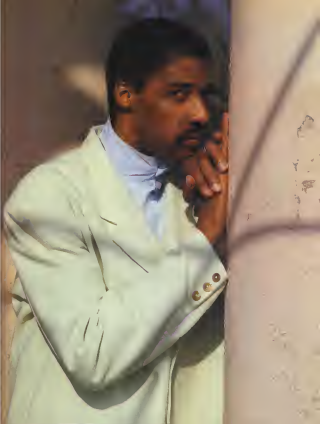
Hot Talent, Cool Head

MATTHEW BRODERICK, twenty-five, star of *Rain Forest*, *Indian Money*, and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, wears a wool cable-knit sweater (\$140) by Montague. Silk shirt (\$250) by Men Go Silk. Watch (\$250) by Calvin Klein. (All show information on page 102.)

Hot Shots, Cool Moves

ARAJISERVING, thirty-six, guard for the Philadelphia 76ers, wears a forest-green wool sport jacket (\$490) and ice-blue cotton shirt with origami-style collar (\$217) by Yohji Yamamoto.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN MAZURSKI FOR VOGUE; HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER; MAKEUP: JEFFREY MAYER





HotType, CoolProse

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, seventy-two, author of *Qwerf*, *Maid Zunda*, and *The Wild One*, wears a colorized sport jacket (2985) and wool houndstooth trousers (3166). By Bill Robinson. Denim shirt (328). By Levi Strauss.



Hot Act, Cool Card

ERIC BURDON, thirty-three, performance artist/artist/author of the Carcass special *Drinking in America*, wears a striped-sleeve cotton shirt (3193). By Comme des Garçons Homme Plus. Checkered cotton polo sweater (3231). By Jean Voss USA. Cotton super-bleach (31) jeans (3330). By Levi Strauss.



Hot Dog, Cool Customer

KEN HARRELSON, forty-five, general manager of the Chicago White Sox and former outfielder for the Kansas City A's, Cleveland Indians, Washington Senators, and Boston Red Sox, wears a shirtdress (hardy's-wool cardigan (\$200) and a ribbed Mottos-wool polo sweater (\$80) By Calvin Klein.

Hot Licks, Cool Blues

JOHN LEE HOOKER, sixty-eight, lead singer of the Coast to Coast Blues Band, wears a single-breasted wool sport jacket (\$425) and wool plaid trousers (\$284) By Hermes & silk shirt (\$150) By Mies Go Silk. Chronograph watch (\$690) by Bvlgari & Mercedes. Silk pocket square (\$12.50) by Imperial Handkerchiefs.



Esquire is running up a tabulation of your favorite bars and restaurants for Cheers!

Each November in our annual Cheers! survey, Esquire's editors reveal the country's best bar and restaurants to see you through the holidays, and the rest of the year too. After all, a good bar is a great find. It's a place that feels right: comfortable, with good drinks and delicious food; distinctive in design and decor, where the clientele is well cared for.

This year, as always, we will seek out and highlight the best bars and night spots in major cities across America; and while our editors

make the selection of Cheers! bars that appear in Esquire, by participating in this survey of the places you frequent, you'll help direct our search. So let us hear from you. Where do you go for Cheers?

Tell us about the quiet speakeasy. The neighborhood landmark. The newest hot spot. The secret place that outclasses the rest.

Just take pen in hand, fill out the coupon below, and tell us where you go—for Cheers!

Seen Any Good Movies Lately?

No, the popcorn doesn't taste as good, no, the theaters aren't lush and comfy, no, the projection standards aren't what they used to be. But when you get right up to it, and right up to them, it's the movies that are the problem. It's the movies that kind of suck.

Once they were "the boy that grew up." Then they became the boy that threw up. Venture Capital Partners Inc., an Association with Canadian Tax Shelters Ltd., Present an Arnold F. Gribble Production of a Sidney J. Gribble Film—no, forget it. Movies just don't seem worth the trouble anymore. Americans love after with them has ended.

In a case like this, you don't blame the writer, you blame the platinum blonde.

What did movie business settle for? It's hard to say, but it's here. Once-offish grosses were down in 1988 and a strong start summer the portents bode ill. The Oscar interest still another month the Nielsen, millions more people regular weekly episode of *The Godfather* are pulled from release into the cassette market faster than you can say Michael Cimino. They're able now. Like *TV* shows.

The crisis is more than financial. It's spiritual. Movies don't have the place in the national heart that they did twenty, ten, maybe even five years ago. There's been a loss of faith. We are a nation of litigious moviegoers. The signs are everywhere. But why? Why, why, why?

1. **The Star-Debut Theory:** Stars have more power now than they did in the days of the so-called star system. Ideas for movies often originate not with writers or producers or people to whom stars normally occur, but with those who star in the films. Movie actors: Personae like Glatkowski. Films are conceived in image-enhancement terms and according to cold-blooded mathematical probabilities. Will



2. **The Takis over-education of Hollywood:** In Ronald Reagan's *Mogambo*, Hollywood is being taken over by the same big conglomerates that are taking over everything else. *Mogambo* never was very good for the movies. In his two best films, he became quickly either the son his leg and broiled out in *Kings of the Sea* or the hero of himself into an early tomb (*Kismet*)—**AMERICAN!** His administration's attitude toward minorities, ethnic mergers and Reagan's encouragement of business have turned time, business into misery, broiled into a barbeque, and the movies into another painful affliction along with leisure-time industry modern

schlagen is taking newly purchased and Vantage carpetbags are moving out of the way, and they're going to make serious regime's bottom-line moves on the sidelines. Ted Turner couldn't let his son be bought. MGM missed a chance to buy the company, and Murdoch has made a new poll of the century Fox, and as a move that sent women and children through the side of the company, Coca-Cola and Columbia Pictures through it, and then tried to run it like MGM.

new owners are not students of the game, they are owners of the fast back

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New York, 1936

by Ralph Ellison

When a black southern writer came north for the first time, the city gave him Broadway glamour, uptown jazz, and a lifetime of crucial questions

IN 1936, a few weeks after my arrival in New York City, I was lucky enough to be invited by avowed bisexual novelist Imita Langston Hughes, to be his guest at what would be my introduction to Broadway theater. I was so delighted and grateful for the invitation that I failed to ask my host the title of the play, and it was not until we arrived at the theater that I learned that it would be Jack Kirkland's dramatization of Fulkerson Caldwell's ferocious novel *Tobacco Road*. No less successful than its original form, the play was well on its way to a record-breaking seven-and-a-half-year run, and that alone was enough to increase my expectations. And so much so that I failed to note the irony of circumstances that would have in my introduction to New York

theater a play with a southern setting and characters that were based upon type and class of whites whom I had spent the last three years trying to read. And I been more alert, it might have occurred to me that somehow a group of white Alabama farm folk had learned of my presence in New York, driven together a theatrical troupe, and flown north to haunt me. But being lulled by the lights, the theatrical atmosphere, the bubble of the playing crowd, it didn't. And yet that same week precisely from the mixture of motives—practical, educational, and romantic—that had brought me to the North in the first place.

Among these was my desire to enjoy a summer free of the South and its problems

This piece is an excerpt from "The Renaissance of Langston" in Ellison's 1966 collection of essays Going to the Territory; which will be published this month by Random House.

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Photo: John J. Jones, Inc. 1936

while missing the challenge of being on my own for the first time in a great northern city. Free of Alabama, with my senior year at Tuskegee Institute behind me, I was also in New York seeking funds with which to complete my first year as a music major—a goal at which I was having less success than I had hoped. However, these had been compensations. For between walking in the Harlem YMCA cafeteria as a substitute for voicing my writers and cameramen and searching for a more profitable job, I had used my free time exploring the city, making new acquaintances, and enjoying the many formal social functions that were amenable to use in Alabama. The very idea of being in New York was dreamlike, for like many young Negroes of the time, I thought of it as the heart of American cities and considered Harlem as the site and symbol of Afro-American progress and hope. Indeed, I was both young and foolish enough to think of Manhattan as my substitute for Paris and of Harlem as a place of Left Bank existence.

And yet I soon discovered, much to my chagrin, that while I was physically out of the South, I was restrained—sometimes comatose, sometimes not—by certain internalized thou-shalt-nots that had struc-

tured my public conduct in Alabama. It was as though I had come to the Eden of American culture and found myself incarcerated in its walls of its laws were free for my picking. Beyond the borders of Harlem's broad patch—which seemed kinder because of my racial and cultural identification with the majority of its people and the lingering spell that had been cast nationwide by the music, dance, and literature of the so-called Harlem Renaissance—I viewed New Yorkers through the overlay of my Alabama experience. Contrasting the whites I encountered with those I had observed in the South, I weighed class against class and compared southern styles with their northern counterparts. I listened to dictum and noted dress, and searched for attitudes in inflections, carriage, and manners. And in pursuing this aspect of my extracurricular education, I explored the heritage.

I crossed Manhattan back and forth from river to river and up, down, and around again, from Squapan Deyel Creek to the Battery, looking not backward and gazing about wide streets and el, subway and bus, took a taxi from Eden Mills and spent an evening along back and forth on the Statue Island Ferry. From the elevated trains I saw my first penthouses with

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green trees growing atop tall buildings, caught nature glimpses of horses, leaping over cars, and lacrosse while running along the searing streets, and left a sense of quiet tranquility despite the bang and clatter. Yes, but the subway was something else again.

In fact, the subway was utterly conferring to my southern-born idea of good manners, and especially the absence of a certain pillantry that one was expected to extend toward women. Subway cars appeared to be underground arenas where northern men equally took the form of an endless shoving match in which the total value of etiquette were turned upside down—or so I concluded after watching a 300-lb woman in a crowded car.

This contrast was between a large white woman who carried an arsenal of handbags, and a small Negro man who hugged a large suitcase. At the time I was standing against the trackside door, and when the train stopped at a downtown station I saw the two cases clanging from the spinning doors like machine guns leaving the starting gate at Belmont. And as they sped and dashed for the single empty seat, the outcome appeared to fit girls, but it was the woman, thanks to a bustline, more rather than little (and more subway know-how) who won—though but by a tip and a hair. For just as they reached the seat she crouched a well-padded hip and knocked the man off stride, then causing him to lose his balance as she turned, sloped beneath his reaching body, and plopped into the seat. It was a maneuver that produced a startling effect—at least on me.

For as she barged into the seat it caused the man to spin and land smack-dab in her lap—in which posture and heavy center of gravity he drove, slumped into her lap once-up-a-time, and then performed a springlike leap to his feet as from a red-hot stove. It was but the instant confusion, and then, as he reached down and fumbled for his suitcase, the woman began adjusting her handbags, and with an elegant look of her head she then looked up into his face with the most boylike and transparent of smiles.

I had no idea of what to expect next, but to her sign of good sportsmanship she met me out with an enigmatic "Well, you can leave it, I don't want it." A response that evoked a phrase from an old forgotten day to which my startled mind added the assumed line—"Stuffed in the bed with your head right on it"—and shook my head with the truth concerning to a ship and a race not beginning.

But not at all. For while the delayed man pushed his way to another part of the car the crowd of passengers simply looked on and laughed.

Still, for all their noise and tension, it was not the subway that most intrigued me, but the buses. In the South you occupied the back of the bus, and nowhere

but the back, or so help you God. Being in the North and surrounded by no inexperience, I experienced by choice to over New York buses, excluding only the driver's seat—front end, back end, right side, left side, sitting or standing in the route and flow of passengers thrashed. And, since these were the golden days of double-deckers, both enclosed and open, I once rode *Aphrodite*.

Thus having confirmed myself that no questions of racial status would be raised by whom I chose to ride, I asked myself whether a seat in the back of the bus wasn't actually more desirable than one at the front. For not only did it provide more legroom, it offered a more exclusive perspective on both the interior and exterior scenes. I found the interior pleasant and quiet among the new but I was long to get second-day men and compelled by nature to ride at the back, what was more desirable—the possibility of exercising what

It was as though I had come to the Eden of American culture and found myself indecisive as to which of its fruits were free for my picking.

was routinely accepted in the North as an abstract, highly specific (even trivial) form of democratic freedom, or the creature comfort that was to be had by occupying a spot from which none of the peering scene could be observed? And in my own personal terms, what was more intriguing, my unavailability, or the excitement of the democratic right to be ignored and jostled by strangers? Such questions were akin to that of whether you lived in a Negro neighborhood because you were forced to do so, or because you preferred being viewed there of your own black ground. Having experienced life in mixed neighborhoods as a child, I preferred to live where people spoke my own version of the American language, and where misreading of tone or gesture was less likely to result in violence. In actual cases, however, this was a matter of personal choice, for even though class and cultural differences existed among Negroes, it was far

easier to deal with buslines among between your self and your own people than with, say, Jewish Lecher or, more realistically, Louie Madonia.

But my attraction by the New York scene (for that is what it had become) was not to stop there, for since my most good wishes in busland, it was difficult to stop and get it. So I became preoccupied with defining the difference between northern and southern buses. Of the two, New York buses were simpler, if only for their north-bound. They were mostly a form of transportation, an inflexible means of transport or passenger car that one took to get from one locality to another. And in far as one's destination and routes were concerned they were neutral. But this was far from true of southern buses. For when riding within New York country, even the most degraded of southern buses seemed (from my New York perspective) to be a hallowed form of transportation.

A southern bus was a contraption constructed by joining the South's social pyramid on its side with a few strategic holes, and sending it vehicular through the addition of engine, windows, and wheels. Thus connected, with the sharp apex of the pyramid blunted and composed with less bone and steering gear, and its sprawling base curbed severely and narrowly angled (which was just an *own name*), a ride in such a vehicle became, at least for Negroes, as uncomfortable as a trip in a spanking deck to be caught in the time-worn of history—yet it was made "death" discussion," which over concerns over American grip of "real," or actual, time or duration.

For blacks and whites alike, southern buses were places of indifference, but especially for Negroes, because once inside, their passing evoked even before the engine fired and the wheels got rolling. Then the engine chugged, the tires scuffed, and the scenery outside flashed and fledged, and they themselves roared, like *James* a train, even in the same old place. Thus the measured mobility of the social pyramid did little to advance the Negroes' effort toward equality. Because although they were allowed to enter the section that had been—in its vertical configuration—its place, they remained, of upward mobility, could at the location—down when, once their faces were disoriented, they were sent, both ways, straight to the rear, or backseat-bottom. And along the way stashed anything could happen, from push shoves, snarling, hissing, or, at worse, a storm, in unprovoked tongue-lashings from the driver or from any white passenger, drunk or sober, who took exception to their looks, attitude, or mere existence.

And even as the phenomenon was worst, hatching and fanning along its freedom of a trajectory, the struggle within scuffed and raged in fatal atmosphere. Thus, so it

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